GEMS OF ISLAM

Part II

ENTITLED

GEMS FROM THE MYSTICS OF ISLAM

BY

C. R. JAIN

LONDON

JAINA LIBRARY

110, CLEVELAND GARDENS, N. W. 2

1940

Printed by
K. Mittra, at The Indian Press, Ltd.,
ALLAHABAD.

PREFACE

Mystics are a fascinating body of men, and are much admired for their Mysticism, which gives vast scope for the exercise of one's imagination to understand precisely what they mean when they say anything about their tenets and creed. So mystifying are their utterances generally that even men accustomed to solve the biggest problems of life have found themselves unable to get at the basis of truth at the back of their thought.

Our mystics are doubly charming They are not only as charmingly elusive as any other soothsayer, but have the additional merit of displaying their true philosophy and proving its consistency and worth at the same time, though they do this in their own special mystic way. If the reader will begin at the very beginning and go through the whole book page by page he will not fail to find out how this seemingly impossible task has been accomplished by them.

My thanks are due to Miss Elisabeth Fraser for her kindly revising my translation and going through the proofs; and to Mr. Balwant Singh Jain for help in the preparation of the note entitled "Names and Dates."

BOMBAY,
12-4-1940.

C. R. JAIN.

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NAMES AND DATES

Agha Hajo Sharf—Meer Sa'dat Husain, a disciple of the Urdu poet Atish, and a contemporary of Wajid Ali Shah. King of Lucknow Flourished about 100 years ago

Akbar.—Full name Syed Akbar Husain Rizvi, *nom de plume* Akbar Period from 1846 to 1921 A.D.

Al Ghazzali—Imam Abu Hamid Al Ghazzali of Toos 1059—1111. He was professor of the Nizamiya College, Baghdad and the most famous and leading of Muslim philosophers and theologians.

Atish.—Khuwaja Hyder Ali, Atish, of Lucknow d. 1263 A.H

Attar.—Muhammad Farid-ul-din Attar of Neshapur, 513 to 627 A.H.

Bayazeed Bistami.—Hailed from Bistam and was a great ascetic and saint.

Bekhud.—Wahid-ul-din of Delhi still living

Bu Ali Shah Qalandar.—Belonged to Iraq His real name was Sheikh Sharf-ul-din Bu Ali. His father's name was Sheikh Fakhr-ul-din. He died at Panipat and is said to have lived 122 years.

Dard.—Syed Khuaja Mir Dard. Born at Delhi in 1133 A. Hijri and died in 1199 A. H.

Eraki.—Lived about 1287.

Firdosi.—Abul Qasim Hasan, son of Ishaq of Baz. 935 to 1020 A D.

Ghalib.—Mirza Asad Ullah Khan, Ghalib (also Asad) born at Agra, 1796; died at Delhi, 1869. He was a contemporary of Zauk and as famous as, and according to some, more deserving of fame than Zauk.

Hafiz.—Shamsh-ul-din Muhammad, Hafiz of Sheeraz, d. 1389.

Jura't.—Sheikh Qalandar Bakhsh Jura't of Lucknow. Date of death 1225 A H.

Khakani—Afzal-ul-din Ibrahim, son of Ali Khakani Born at Ganja. 1106 to 1185 A.D. Died at Tabrez

Khuwaja Mu'aien-ul-din Chishti—His real name was Hasan Sanjari, son of Ghyas-ul-din Ahmad. He was born in 537 A.H. and died in 633 A.H. He was a great ascetic and is said to have performed many miracles His tomb is at Ajmer and is still visited by Hindus and Muhammadans both

Mashafi (Mas-hafi).—Sheikh Ghulam Hamdani, Mashafi of Lucknow Born at Amroha in 1164 A.H, died at Lucknow in 1240 A.H.

Nizami.—Ilyas Eusuf, Nizami, born at Ganja in 1141; died 1202 A. H.

Rumi.—Maulana Jalal-ul-din of Rum (Asia Minor). Born at Balakh in 1207, died in 1273 A.D, the author of the world-famous Masnavi which ranks immediately after the Qura'n and the Sacred Tradition (Hadis)

Sa'di.—Maslah-ul-din Sa'di of Sheeraz 1184 to 1291 (?) A.D.

Shah Nyaz Ahmad Niaz.—Was born at Sarhind and lived to be 77.

Shamsh of Tabrez.—One of the most enlightened of Muslim mystics. 1226 to 1246 (?).

Shibli No'mani—Born in 1857 A.D. at Bandol, Azamgarh District.

Urfi—Muhammad Jamal-ul-din, Urfi, of Sheeraz. 963 to 999 A H.; died at Delhi

Zafar.—Abu-ul-Mazaffar Siraj-ul-din Muhammad Bahadur Shah, Zafar. 1775 to 1862. The last Moghal king and a first-class and very popular poet. Died in captivity.

Zauk.—Sheikh Ibrahim, Zauk. A leading poet, and the teacher of Bahadur Shah, the last Moghal King of Delhi. 1779 to 1854.

GEMS FROM THE MYSTICS OF ISLAM

CHAPTER I

THE ECSTASY OF MADNESS

When the awareness of Divine Perfection stirred in the Heart
Every fragment of Being became Immortal!
What used to be a tiny centre of mystery in the Immensity of Space,
In the human frame became the essence of the Heart (Divinity)!
The pure Heart becomes the reflector of the author (owner) of the Heart,
As though a mirror became mirrored in a mirror itself!
The veil of the mystery has become the Lyre of LIFE;
Every wire of the organ of the Heart is now a wire-less set!
Life brought with itself the seething mass of Desires;
The abode of the Heart has been transformed into the Place of the Great Judgment (Day)!
O Barq! that man's existence is real living
Who has become possessed of the tranquillity of the Heart in this World!

In my Gems of Islam the point under consideration was the mystery of the Mystics' Creed; in this book, too, the same point will be kept in view for greater elucidation. In this chapter the Ecstasy of Madness of the *Rinds* (free-thinking renegades)

will be investigated. First of all it is necessary to define what a Rind is. It is said in the Siraj-ul-Salikin:—

> No one understands that world but the intoxicated ones;
> He alone wakes up who shuts his eyes and goes to sleep in this world!

A Rind speaks thus of himself in the Diwan Nyaz:—

> It is not in my power: how can I control myself;
> From within arises the urge to enthuse!
> I have become intoxicated by the eyes of the wine-bibbing cup-bearer:
> *Au revoir* O Respectability and Fame; good-bye O Sense and Wits!
> O God, are these eyes, or magic, whose glance has set this tiny drop that is me in a state of tempestuous uproar, like the sea!
> Yesterday I was a pious *sheikh*, telling the beads, and attending the mosque;
> To-day I am a worshipper of an idol, and a wearer of the sacred thread!

Nizami declares:—

> Whatever I may be—whether an infidel or an idolater—
> Accept me O Beloved, for what I am!
> They ask me, why do I adore the But (an Idol)?
> I tell them; whom else can I adore when my Beloved is a But!

What has anyone to do with it—whether in my home I be a Muslim or an adorer of Idols?

Hafiz has it in this connection:—

For me the object of visiting the mosque and the wine-shop is thine attainment:
God knows that I do not entertain any other thought than this in my mind!
Zahid was filled with pride; he could not traverse the Path:
The Rind, through love, reached the Metropolis of Bliss!
O Zahid, you should know that the companionship of loneliness and Love,
Has led the Lovers to Eternal Joy!
Regard it as fortunate if thou obtainest the path of the Rinds,
Because, like the road to a hidden Treasure, its marks are not visible to all!
Thou art welcome to thy rosary, carpet, observances and laws;
I am content with the wine-shop, the blare of the konch-shell, and the road to the temples and fanes!
If there be no purity the Ca'ba and the idolater's shrine are alike;
(For) there can be no happiness in the home in which there is no chastity!
Drink wine, for the *sheikh*, the repeater of the Qur'an, the confessor and the censor,
Are all found, on closer observation, to be hypocrites!

First of all Hafiz learnt the Al-hamd and the Sura-e Akhlas
From the Face of the Beloved!

Note—Al-hamd is the adoration and Sura-e Akhlas a chapter of the Qur'an.

Do not blame me, O Professor of theology, for being a rind and a disgrace;
Because such was the destiny traced for me in my disposition!

Drink wine, for Love is not an acquired art nor a thing that can be brought under control;
This came to me as a gift from my very being!

Do not kiss, O Hafiz, anything else but the Beloved's lips and the cup of wine;
For it is a mistake to kiss the hands of the vendors of empty ritualism!

In the World of Rinds personal thought and opinion are taboo;
Self-praise and self-assertiveness are infidelity in this faith!

Keep away from me, O Sufi, keep away;
Because I have vowed to avoid (the rules of) thy Law!

By the rosary and the garb I am ever distressed;
Pawn them both for wine, and finish!

Had men understood the mystery of the Truth,
There would not have been quarrels among the two and seventy sects!

Needlessly are the Sheikh and the Brahman squabbling over the Ca'ba and the Fane;

These dolts are following a path that leads to differences!
A Rind I am, intoxicated and devoid of memory of myself;
I am also undisturbed by any doubts in my heart!
The way to the Self-glorifying One is within my heart;
I shall not seek the road to the Ca'ba, the church or the temple!
Passing beyond Life's pains and pleasures, I have reached a spot,
Where there is neither heaven nor hell!
Do not expect those who possess dils (hearts) to know of the joys of those without the dil:
Only he can understand the (joyful) pain of the be-dil (without a heart) who passes beyond the heart!

CHAPTER II

LAWLESSNESS OF FREEDOM

The Rinds are not bound down to any creed; they regard Islam and Infidelity as alike. The search for TRUTH is their religion, in reality.

The law and abstinence have I cast at the feet of that Beloved:
My cult is Love, and my ritual enthusiasm and fervent uproar!

To the Zahid (the unenlightened literalist) it is said:—

O Zahid, pray do not try to trip me; cease thy harangues:
Hast thou never heard that there is a difference between seeing and believing?
The Sheikh also kisses the Idol, albeit in disguise!
The stone in the Ca'ba is only a stone after all!
I am a unitarian; my cult is the dropping of rituals;
For when abrogated they become the elements of Faith!
If the cup of 'Unity' is given to the seventy-two sects,
All these quarrels and differences of ours shall vanish!
Where the Beloved shows her face without a veil,
How can there remain (the differences of) religion and infidelity, and of the rosary and the sacred thread!

None but the one Beloved is in the temple and the mosque;
How can fire change its colour by the change of building stones!
Though I am enjoying the company of the Idolaters' Idols;
In reality I see only the presence of the TRUTH!
He that is the God of the Ca'ba is also the Idol of the Idolaters;
Both the Ca'ba and the Temple appear the same to me!
This is adored by the Brahman, that by the Sheikh;
This is all the dispute that I see here!
All these sects and creeds are branches of the same tree;
From the same Root have they sprouted forth!
The Brahman worships the Idol; the Sheikh adores the Ca'ba;
They both are the same; how can I follow the one and give up the other!
If the Beloved were to remove the veil from Her face for a moment,
Our wise men would instantly lose all knowledge of themselves!
Should the Brahman see this lovely Face at any time,
He would forget all about his Idol!
When the image of thy grace becomes engraved in the heart of Nyaz,
How can he avoid forgetting the faces of his past friends?

I am an infidel for Love; I owe not allegiance to Islam;
I have no other work than the worship of my Idol!
I regard Love as the object of my worship and adoration;
My heart is not at ease without it even for a moment!
Where seekest thou my Beloved, O Moon,
Her place is in my heart and not above the balcony in the sky!
Why art thou perplexed over my condition, O Zahid,
This is the cult of infidelity, not the pale of Islam!
O slave of the senses, do not look upon Love as the home of thine aunt;
Its commencement is easy, but not its end!
Just a short formula of Love, but what a difficult thing it is!
How can the repeater of the Qur'an and the observer of rules be a guide on its path!
Were Professor Love to come to teach in our school for a few days
The study of Divinity would then proceed with full force.
Just a glance from thee is enough and ample for my needs:
However long the "yarn" it is cut short at once!
I am within the Fold of Love:
Go tell of my Love to the rosary and the sacred thread!
Leave me in ignorant forgetfulness of my person; it is my joy;

Let me continue without name and fame; this is enough name for me!
From head to foot have I been consumed, like a burning candle;
Perhaps this is the Reward from King Love!
I would be an infidel did I know myself;
Whatsoever is is Thou—this alone is my Islam!
Day and night remain unnoticed in love for thee, O Beloved;
This alone is Morning and Evening for me!
Those who are free from Infidelity and Islam,
Are not slaves of the rosary or the sacred thread!
Those who are aware of the core of the mystery,
Are friends of every friend and foe!
How can the Sheikh and Brahman discover our way;
For far from Infidelity and Islam is our Abode!
In the temple, the fane, the mosque as well as in the church,
Everyone breathes only our name, always!
Both the Sheikh and the Brahman abide under thy shade,
Inhabited by Thee alone are the mosque and the temple both!
When I looked at the Heart, I found it worshipful;
Some regard it Ca'ba and some the Temple!
If you say that he is both Guide as well as betrayer;
Then all are on the Path and none is gone astray!
Just Faith alone is the extent of my merit;
There is no worship nor renunciation!
Do not go to the Ca'ba, do not look towards the Fane;

Should there be the right stirring in thy heart,
that is the road!
Where art thou wandering, O Mis-directed One;
The Peri is in reality only in the carafe of the
Heart!
We have wasted years in the pursuit of law and
observance,
Let us now enlighten the heart with the light
of Knowledge!
There is no need for bread; nor thirst for water;
Nor is there fear of hell, nor desire for heaven;
O Zahid, all these are for thy trial:
Come, free thyself from the anxiety of the two
worlds:
The point of danger is the stain on the mirror-like
heart!
He will find us himself for whom we are searching;
We shall not be going round the Ca'ba or the
Temple!
I have seen every one a devotee of the Religion
of Love;
In the City of Love Hindus and Muhammadans
are not to be seen!
His home is as much in the Ca'ba as in the
Temple;
We shall search in both places wherever He
be found!
My heart ever retains the images of Idols;
Idolatry now prevails even in the House of
God!
O Heart! thou never for a moment became subject
to God;

Nor from sinning repented.
Thou hast been a zahid, a sheikh and also a learned man;—
All these thou hast been, but never a Musalman!
Thou hast become a man of learning, but thou knowest not
Where thou art, whence thou camest and who thou art!
When thou knowest not thy Self, O of little intelligence!
Thou shouldst not boast of thy learning!
Produce a stirring in thy heart O Wise man!
For it is the rope-ladder to the Balcony of Gnosis!
Do not be misled by the words of the zahids;
They are involved in a hundred delusions in the grip of *nafs* (sensuality)!
Their hearts are covered with rust so
That they are unable to distinguish between right and wrong!
O Zahids, beware of me;
I am the leader of rinds!

It is said in the Dewan-i-Nyaz:—

I should not properly be called Infidel, nor should be regarded Musalman,
For I am not bound down to Infidelity, nor chained to Islam!
I have not the enchainment of restraint in my feet, nor the restraint of chains on my body;
My Life is neither this nor that; I am not in this nor held in that!

How well does a Knowing One declare when he says:—

He became a friend of the faithful as well as a comrade of infidels;
He laid the foundation of the Ca'ba and also of the Fane and the Church!

CHAPTER III

IN THE CUPS

"Quaffing wine" is the real cult of the rinds.
It is morning O Saqui, fill the cup with wine;
Time does not halt in its revolutions, be quick!

Note.—Saqui is the server of wine.

By way of goodness and generosity, O Saqui,
Charge my cup with the Wine of Union!

A 'wine-bibber' puts it:—

Why do you quarrel with the bibbers of Wine O Zahid?
If they deigned to look at you you would immediately become a drunkard yourself!

The end of this drinking bout is thus described by the Maulana Rumi (Jalal-ul-din Rumi):—

The Self itself is Wine; it itself is the cup-bearer, and itself also the intoxicated one;
When the three become one, thy delusive ego will be smashed!

What will be the effect of this? The great Maulana says:—

The intoxicated one becomes well-disciplined under its influence;
The knowing one loses his head with drink!

I am intoxicated with that Wine, and now I perceive not
What is life, what the body, and where be the head and where the feet!

Hafiz chants:—

Should the old man of the booth require it, redden the prayer-cloth with wine;
For the guide is not unaware of the customs and manners of the stages on the path!
We have seen in the cup the face of the Beloved—
What knowest thou who are ignorant of our constant quaffings!
O Saqui, up and charge the cup;
Bury underground all perplexities of the day!
Though it is regarded as disgraceful by the intelligent,
But surely, I am not seeking name, nor fame!
As familiar with the stirrings of my love-consumed heart,
I find no one, big or small!
Only those devoted to a thought go to the drinking booth;
Self-vendors cannot find the way to the lane of the wine-vendors!
Till the dawn of the Judgment Day, he raises not his head from intoxication,
Who, like me, has had a drop from the cup of the Beloved, at the beginning of things!
Wine is allowed in my religion, but
Without thee O with a body of the cypress-grace and of flower-like daintiness, it is forbidden!

Make me intoxicated so much that from forgetfulness I may cease to bother about
Who enters into the field of my thought and who goes out!
The Enlightened one becomes intoxicated when he goes on a pleasure trip in the region of Naught.
Such is the intoxication which flows from the World of Mysteries!
If thou art a follower of the path of Love, do not bother about loss of reputation:
Sheikh Kinaan even pawned his robe in the drinking booth!
Happy is the intoxicated rind, who has ruined his chances both in this and the next world, and
Who cares not the least whether he grows more or becomes less in consequence!
Give me the wine that does not inebriate, O God!
For with it there will not be any headaches!
He made me forgetful of my self with the light of his complexion:
He gave me wine in the cup of enlightenment!
After this I have my face and the Mirror of the Beloved's glory to see it in!
How can they give me a revival of my memory now?
Come to the drinking booth, make thine complexion bright;
Go not to the monastery where there are doers of dark deeds!
How long wilt thou perplex thyself with the problems of the worthless world? Drink wine!

It will be bad if the heart of a wise man is distressed!
O Saqui, bring the life of youth;
Give us a cup or two of good wine!
That wine which is a panacea for pain in Love;
And the thing for the sheikh and the lax one—bring that!
The Sun and the Moon are the Wine and the Cup:
In the bowl of the Moon thou bringst the Sun!
Intellect is on the war-path at all times;
Throttle it in the grip of choice vintage!
It is either good to drink, or a bad thing;
Never mind its good or bad; give it to me!
O Saqui! give me a drop from that fiery stuff; for I am
Still a novice among its votaries!
How long wilt thou sit at the gate of the school?
Get up and let us demand that the door of the wine shop be opened!
Show me the way to thy private apartment,
So that I may drink wine with thee and not drink of the cup of the world's miseries!
Love's hand does not put the chain of affection on the wide-awake:
Wouldst thou play with the tresses of the Beloved, then give up this wakefulness!
The Rosary and the garb do not stir the heart:
For this purpose ask the aid of the vendor of wine!
Before the breaking up of the perishable world,
Make me drunk with the cup of the rose-coloured wine!
The Sun of Wine has risen in the East of the Cup;

If thou wouldst have the joy of happiness give up sleep!
The worshipping of Wine is a meritorious deed, O Hafiz!
Get up and apply thyself to the good deed!
I enquired from the old man of the booth, Which was the path to salvation:
He sent for a goblet, and said: "Drinking wine!"
From the wine of thy union if I drink a drop,
I shall refrain from the conventions of wakefulness for the rest of my life!
Put some of that pure wine that matures every immature mind, into the cup,
Even though it may be the month of fasting!
The why and the wherefore will only cause a headache:
Fill thy goblet, and cease for a moment to worry over the affairs of life!
If thou art familiar with the mystery of God,
Thou shouldst behave respectfully towards the beggars at the door of the wine booth, O Treader of the Path!
On the door of the wine booth you may find rind-dervishes,
Who have assumed and relinquished the dignity ot emperorship!
Though far from thee I drink to thy memory;
There is no spatial distance in places on the soul's journey in spirit!

The Saqui-nāmā of Hafiz is famous as a composition. Here are a few samples from it:—

Produce O Saqui that powerful elixir of vine's alchemy,
Which gives with the wealth of Croesus, the longevity of Noah!
Come O Saqui! with that clarifying wine
Which opens the door to Divine Knowledge in the Heart!
Give it to me, and keep this advice of mine in thy heart:
This world is nothing; go and drink wine!
Come O Saqui! with that vintage which enabled the Goblet of King Jamshed
To boast of revealing hidden things!
Give that wine to me, so that following the precedent,
I may come to know all the mysteries of the universe!
Take that cup O Saqui; fill it with wine,
That I may tell of the histories of kings and emperors!
Under intoxication many pearls of secrets may be threaded,
Whose stories cannot be revealed in the normal state!
Come O Saqui, pour out that wine which confers kingship,
To whose purity the heart is a witness!
Produce the Goblet that is like the Sun and the Moon,
So that I may pitch my tent in the Heaven!

When the paradise of the celestials is my abode,
Why should I remain lashed to the physical body here!
Bring O Saqui! that cup which is like the fountain in heaven;
For the heart has a leaning for paradise!
Come! let us scrap the Intellect,
From ecstasy unfurl a banner to the world!
Let us not stop for a moment even from continuous libation;
Let us quench the fire of sorrow with the water of the potions!
Give me wine, O Saqui, so that while I live,
I may spurn the two worlds!
Give O Saqui! that Essence of Life,
That cure for the hurt wounded heart!
Pour out O Saqui! that distilled stuff;
Come, revive this dead heart!
If they give thee the water that is fiery in its nature,
It will release thee, through ecstasy, from life!
With the goblet they will bring thee out of thyself,
When the veil is lifted thou shalt attain to unity!
For when Hafiz entered the world of Life,
On getting out of his being, he was united to the Beloved!
Do not seek to get out of thine ecstasy, O Hafiz!
For a king does not impose taxation on the worthless!
In the end the clay of the body is bound to become heavy;
Think now of the cup and fill it with wine!

Such is Hafiz's line of thought. We shall now turn to Nyaz to see what he has to say on the subject:—

Look O Saqui! give me a glassful of wine,
So that I may be unable, through its ecstasy, to distinguish head from foot and the top of the feet!
Make me completely insensible; rid me of the chains of life,
For in the bondage of the ego I have brought all my troubles on myself!
The curse of the thraldom of life implies a hard insoluble knot,
The untying of which is difficult for old and young!
When Nyaz forgot himself and was freed from location and space,
He uttered a shout: I, the intoxicated, am myself HE, and I dance (with glee)!
Be attentive to me O Saqui! give me a cupful of excellent wine;
For this pesty learning has thrown me into entanglements and twists!
I do not cherish ambition for the knowledge and the wisdom of the two worlds;
It will suffice me if I am forgetful of myself for a time!

Give me the wine of Love;
Keep me apart from the knowing fools!
I do not know who I am, nor what the world is;
Excepting Thee I hold converse with none!

Now listen to the language of Khuwaja Mu'aien-ul-din Chishti :—

To-day I am intoxicated with the wine that flows in the goblet of the heart;
To the end of time the joy of loving thee is the ambition of my life!
The heart is like the mirror that reflects the Truth;
Love is the polish therefore!
That heart is lucky whose dust is washed off with the wine of Love!
Where the zahids reach after thousands of a quartette of years,
He who is intoxicated with the wine of Love gets there with a sigh!
I do not drink wine, but when thou art the Saqui,
I do not wish for a single un-intoxicated vein in my body!
If thou wert to behold thy beauty with the Lover's eye,
Thou wouldst become engrossed, like me, in the thought of thy Self!
I desire that wine which will take me out of myself completely,
That at that moment I may enjoy union with my Self, like Mansur!

Maulana Nizam-ul-din says :—

I am drunk from thy Love; I have taken no wine;
Filled with happiness I proceed to the Aoode of Ecstasy!

It is said in the Bostan-i-Maarfat:—

Drink thy choice blood; no wine is better!
Eat of thy flesh: there is no better meat than that!
It is lawful to drink the Wine of her Love!
It is unlawful to live even a moment without thinking of her!
The past is a dream; the future imaginary;
Take hold of this moment which is the present!

Bekhud has the following verses on the subject:—

Show me thy face, open thy lips in speech, for this Rose and this Honey
Are medicine for my pain!
Meaningless is the circumambulation of the Ca'ba and the Fane;
Going round one's Self is the proper thing!
Strange mystery is revealed in the fervour of Love;
Whosoever becomes self-less becomes a God!

Whosoever regards wine as unlawful:—
I hold the shedding of his blood to be lawful!
Ask me not about the events of yesterday or to-morrow;
I am unaware of my being; I know only the present!
The two worlds are illusive like a mirage; thou, too, knowest that!
Life itself is a pattern on water! Thou, too, knowest that!
In my company the Sheikh was drowned in humiliation;

My entertainment is a party of thirstquenchers; thou, too, knowest that!
There is not, O zahid! any remedy except wine for insensibility of the wits;
Pure liquor is a cure for drowsiness; thou, too, knowest that!
What wonder that thou render a person insensible with a mere word?
Words from thy lips act like a choice wine; thou, too, knowest that!
Blood and veins are set aflame; the whole body is afire;
What sort of a gobletful of fire didst thou give me to drink, O Saqui?
When he went into the school of Love and learnt the geography of Nought,
Nyaz forgot altogether what knowledge he had acquired thus far!

Mir Dard thinks:—

Forget the Saqui, the flask, the goblet and the drinkers' den!
Like life itself, fill thy cup thyself!

It is said in the Behr-al-Haqiqat:—

How can wine vie with the intoxication of Love,
Whose delight endures till the Last Day?

CHAPTER IV

LOVE

(I)

In the last chapter we saw that the wine of the rind is not a drink in reality, but only the experience and the excitement of Love. In this chapter the attention will be directed to the ecstasy of Love. We produce first of all some verses from the Maulana Rumi, because he occupies a very high position in the world of Islam. According to Wingfield his Masnavi has attained to the dignity of the Qur'an in Persia. The author of the Tohfat-al-Ashqeen regards him as a spiritual physician He says :—

> See, O Unlucky One, what has been said in the Masnavi by the Maulana,
> Who is the physician for spiritual disorders !

This is what the Maulana says on our subject :—

> He is a perfect Lover and is perfect himself;
> Be an excellent Lover ; seek love of thy Self !
> The creed of Love is different from all other creeds ;
> God is the Religion and the cult of the Lovers !
> Both Life and Death are pleasant when God is in the heart ;
> Without God the Elixir of Life works as a destroying fire !
> Love has nothing in common with ratiocination ;
> It has no other ambition than absorption in the Beloved !

Annihilation is the peak of joy !
The religion and cult of the Lovers is annihilation !

Hafiz puts it thus :—

Surely, he dieth not whose heart is enlivened with Love ;
Our Eternity is embossed on the fabric of the Universe !
So long as the Treasure of the pain of separation from Thee is preserved in the cavity of the Heart,
My home is in the corner of vileness !
Every foundation is insecure which is based on egoity,
But the foundation of Love alone is secure !
It is not necessary for Love to be confined to the monastery or abode of vileness ;
Wherever it be there is the Light of the Countenance of the Beloved !
There can be no lover to whom the Beloved will not respond !
O Master ! that cannot be pain which does not draw the Physician to itself !
O thou ! who hast learnt the lesson of love from Logic,
I fear thou hast not understood the secret well !
The sea of Love is shoreless ; like space, itself ;
In that place there is no alternative except the sacrifice of one's life !
That moment is auspicious when the heart is stirred by Love ;

No need to ask for permission for a good deed!
What excellent courage that enabled Hafiz to renounce this world and the next one!
All things are valueless in his eye except the dust of thy street!
The fervour of thy love that is in my head,
May it increase every day that passes by!
Wherever there is a heart agitated by affection for thee,
May it remain without peace, without tranquillity and without rest!
May everyone who is not consumed by desire for thy presence,
Ever remain outside the pale of the joy of possessing thee!
It is said that one should not speak of or hear the mystery of love;
Certainly, it is a difficult theme to relate!
Wipe out the scribblings on these pages, if thou art to be a co-pupil of mine;
Surely, the lesson of Love is not to be learnt from books!
In the cult of self-sacrificers prosperity and skill do not mean anything;
Here there is no room for lineage and no account is taken of accomplishments!
I have to drink the blood of my heart, but there is no cause for complaint in this;
Since this was appointed my morsel at the Table of Destiny!
Thy lovers have no control over their own heads;
They do whatever thou commandest them to do!

Do not look upon the beggars of love as low; for their community is composed of
Kings that are artless and of emperors who wear no crowns!
Even wearers of crowns are among the slaves of thy narcissus eyes;
Many knowing ones are amongst those intoxicated with the wine of thy red lips!
Thy love is not a passing thought that can go out of the head;
Thy displeasure is a malady that has no parallel elsewhere!
The aching heart is a pain which
Becomes worse the more one tries to soothe it!
I, who am suffering from heartache in love,
Can only be cured in two ways—either by the union with the Beloved or with clarity-conferring Wine!
If any wish that he should wander about like Hafiz,
He should not let his heart go after the lovely ones, nor pursue them!
I have given thee my heart, and have paid for thy favour with my life,
Do not hold the infliction of inattention and separation justifiable!
O my Heart remain unwavering in love,
For on this path no work done goes unrewarded!
I am the lover of my friend, what have I to do with Infidelity and Islam?
I am in love with my pain, what is my concern with union or separation?

As I only need my Friend in the two worlds,
What are heavens, hells, houris or boys of Paradise to me?
Whosoever rids himself of his personal self in love
Has no experience of sickness and sorrow, and no concern with their cure!
Look not at the faces of men; turn to their attainments!
He who is in love does not concern himself with the design of palaces!
I have not learnt the stories of Alexander and Darius;
Ask me not except from the tales of affection and fidelity in love!
There is no such thing as a chapter on Love in the Encyclopædia of the Intellect:
Get used to pain, O my Heart! and ask not for a remedy!
In my heart liveth no one but the Beloved:
You may give away the two worlds to the enemy,
For I am content with the Loved One!
Thou art a slave, complain not to the king, O Heart!
For it is not the tradition of Love to complain of an excess or deficiency (of short-coming)!
From the contact of the Rose has the Nightingale acquired all his poetry, and melody and eloquence;
These were not, surely in his bill!
So long as the Lover, with his aching heart, does not reach the Sahara of annihilation,

He does not become a favoured companion!
The Alchemy of thy Love will transform the body of clay
Into pure gold, even though it be like lead!
Put up with suffering and keep quiet, O Hafiz!
Do not reveal the secrets of Love before the adorers of the intellect!
How can Hafiz now cry from thy neglect?
From the day that he was enslaved by thee he has always felt free!
Seek thy good at another door; O my Heart!
For the distress of the Lover is not relieved by any medicine!
Wash thy hand from the copper of the self, like the Brave Ones on the Path!
So that thou mayest obtain the Elixir of Love, and be transformed into pure Gold!
Sleep and food are keeping thee away from kingship in Love!
Thou shalt meet the Beloved when thou shalt go without slumber and bodily sustenance!
Should the light of the Love of Truth enter thy Soul,
By God, thou shalt be greater than the Sun in the sky!
All of thee, from head to foot, shall become the Light of Truth,
When thou shalt become 'head-less' and 'foot-less' on the Path of God!
Even if the foundation of thy life be destroyed,
Have no fear in thy heart that thou wilt be hurt!

If it be thy ambition to obtain union with the Beloved, O Hafiz!
Thou shouldst become dust at the abode of those who have understood!
On the way of the journey to the Beloved Leila, that is dangerous to life,
The first condition is that thou shouldst become a Mejnoun (lunatic)!
The heart is offered as a sacrifice to Thee for thou art both Life and the Beloved!
Whoever became dust at thy door, was freed from suffering!
Peace and gladness are undesirable on the path of Love:
Lacerated be the heart that seeks a salve to soothe the pangs of love!

Let us now turn to Nyaz:—

The thought of the Beloved is so engrossing in the heart,
That the whole world is hidden from my eye!
If I desire to see my Self,
I see only this, that I see the Beloved:
How can the difficulties on the Beloved's Path be overcome by those seeking the world and religion?
Travelling over the highway of Love is the work of a "caravan" of a different type!
I have become freed from the worries of profit and loss, also of the world and religion;
Profit and loss for the distressed Lover are of a different type!

The slave of Love, I have no desire for name and fame:
Such desires are cherished by men with the mentality of a different type!
I have moved into a new cosmos;
Outside the two worlds, mine is of a different type!
No one can describe the experiences of Love, O Nyaz!
The language that can express such mysteries is of a different type!
I cannot be cured by the physician's physic,
The sight of Her who is the cause of my heartache is the only remedy for it!
He is a stranger in the world, and unknown to men,
Whose heart knows HIM!
From thy head, O heart! is banished infatuation for bodily attraction:
A hundred congratulations that this malady came to you and is gone!
The way to thee has not been found, yet thought has become lame
From constant wanderings to and fro in thy lane!
How can the clamourers for the Beauty and Glory of the Beloved
Be satisfied with the kingship of the two worlds?
Those crazy lovers of Truth who wander about in a wilderness
May traverse all the seven heavens in the twinkling of an eye!
Why should those who live under the sheltering shade of thy affection

Entertain in their hearts, the desire for the shade of the lucky bird (*huma*)?

Note—It is believed by some men that if a *huma* were to circle over their heads they would become kings.

Love is the sure Guide for Lovers on their way to the Beloved:

If the sentiment is pure, one passes through stage after stage on the way!

I am indebted to thee O Love! for many favours and blessings!

Thou hast solved so many of my difficulties!

He is released from all bonds whose heart is enchained by thee!

Into disuse and ruin have fallen a good many prisons!

This is due to the presence of the Prince Eros that I have grown in my heart

Such lovely poppy beds (scars of suffering) that are the envy of many a rose garden!

O friend! bring the Beloved to Nyaz when he is in the agonies of death:

At that moment there can be no better treatment for him!

The Lovers of Truth display at every point

Strange mannerisms and habits and odd appearances and behaviour!

Throw away thy store of wisdom and take thy cue from the heart;

Love will win triumph for thee in all kinds of debating and wrangling!

From the dawn of the day of beginning of things I have been feeling drunk and making loud protestations and professions of my love;
I have drunk wine from the hand of Intoxication itself!
O Nvaz! I have no sober moment from the ecstasy of drunkenness.
I have no other occupation than vociferating and shouting eternally!
I am an infidel in love, ask me not what my religion is!
Love is Islam, and religion is to be found in the realm of Infidelity!
It has set me free from the rites and rituals of the faithful and the faithless both:
A hundred glories to Love for its favours and obligations!
He who has been killed with the sword of Love has nothing to fear from death!
He who dies in Love lives for ever!
King Love has again occupied the Throne of my Heart:
The panoplies of my life have been burnt up by the all-consuming fire of Love!
It seems easy to be in Love that solves all one's difficulties;
But this very simple Love is itself more difficult than a hundred difficulties!
In the sport of Lovers Death is treated as the Elixir of Life;
These men have become immortal from the Life of Love!

Superior to all other cults is the Cult of Love;
For this reason I am travelling on the path of Love myself!
Cease O Nyaz! from chatting with the men around thee!
Concentrate thy thoughts on the beauty of the Beloved of Love!
See the play of the Essence in the theatre in the Palace of the Heart;
The Throne in the Heart is the seat of the Emperor of Life!
Bigger than a bubble is not this revolving Dome of the Firmament:
Such it appears in the shore-less Ocean (of Knowledge) in the Heart!
To the majesty of King Heart I have only one request, which I make with all the purity of spirit:
May I retain my hold on the hem of His garment to the end of time!
I am proceeding to Her street; I seek her fair Face;
What will it benefit me, O Sweetheart, if they give me heaven and its *houri*?
I am possessionless and want-less; I like not music nor feasts;
The Crown of Crownlessness is better on the head than the diadem of China's Emperor!
Love is Islam, and my creed is Love, with pain as panacea!
Love is my sympathiser and well-wisher; Love is my intimate friend!

Madness has established its government in the empire of life O Nyaz:
The entry of Intellectualism is next to impossible in our Court!
King Love has seated himself on the Throne of the Heart in the kingdom of Life;
Governor Intellect has been turned out of my unwise head!
My heaven, O Preacher! is my afflicted heart;
My Beloved is my *houri*, and the stream of Kosar is my weeping eye!
I am a simple lover, and have tasted the delight of annihilation;
I am like a deer in the wilderness of being, running away from all including myself!

The author of the Siraj-ul-Salikin maintains:—

I abandoned my religion, hoping to enjoy the world;
But nothing is left of religion and the world, too, has yielded no satisfaction!
A wonderful gift shall he obtain who falls in love with God, and
Loses the world in expectation of it.
His cup of happiness is filled to the brim,
Who loves the Truth, as the moth loves the flame!
That person alone is a man who withdraws himself from all company, and
Becomes engrossed in contemplation of the Beloved's Face!

We shall now examine the composition of Khuwaja Mu'aien-ul-Din Chishti:—

O Mu'aien! it cannot be seen with the eye of the intellect;
Leila's beauty can only be seen with the eye of Mejnun!
O Mu'aien! abandon thy name and attractive address!
'Slave of her street dog' is enough name for thee!
Wouldst thou behold the Truth, then pass beyond thyself;
For none other than thy self is the curtain that hides IT from thee!
Heaven cannot satisfy the cravings of my heart:
To behold the Beloved is what can give me heart's ease!
As the Soul has arrived from the realm of the spirit into the world of dust (matter),
It may return to its abode which is its final destiny!
That Bird of Love which is free from dwellings and infinitude of pure space
Has been caught, like the Bird Zeerak in the fable, in the net of the heart!
The treasuries of the two worlds are insignificant compared with
The wealth which King Love places in the heart!
If thou wouldst have thine heart free from sorrow then control thy sorrowful heart;
For when the heart becomes sorrowful in Love, it becomes freed from all sorrows!
What is this madness that is surging in my head?

I do not know where the end of its strand is being agitated!
Nothing else except the Beloved can enter my heart:
No one can penetrate into the private apartment of a king!
The accounts of the lives of a hundred wise ones will be settled in a moment on the Judgment Day!
But the account of the doings of one moment of a Lover's life cannot be gone into in a hundred Judgments!
Wouldst thou learn the mystery of Love, then acquire it from the Guiding Tablet of thy Heart!
As one letter from its story cannot be contained in a hundred volumes!
The source of Mansur's greatness was just one drop from the Ocean of Love,
Anything less than that will not go into the Lover's Goblet of Ambition!
O Mu'aien! if thou wouldst speak of His mysteries with thy tongue,
(Know that such a person's) place is on the spike and not in the pulpit!
The Grace of God, that is granted to the knowing heart,
Reaches it unawares: keep alert for it, O heart!
The messenger of Love gave a knock at the door of my heart, this morning:
He brought the tidings that the King was coming!
A commotion arose instantly in the Market-Place in the Breast,
They said, the King is coming this way!

I asked, What shall I offer His Majesty? The Messenger answered:
Bring the appointed refreshment on the Path,
That is to say, (a cupful of) the wine of Tears and a plateful of roast Will, (and)
Serve it with sighs and groans from the palpitating Heart!
If I do not go to him myself He draws me to him with the chain of Love by which we are linked!
Love's chant is vibrating in the flute of my heart;
He produces the melodies Himself, and ascribes them to the Flute!
My life is ended, and now only Life absolute is left;
I endured all this pain of separation in the hope of union with thee!
I desire Thee as my friend, and no one else;
Except Thee who has stolen my heart I desire none other sweetheart!
Into the Palace of my Life, nobody else but Thou can enter;
Anyone other than Thee is not wanted in that private apartment!
The ignorant desire the world; the wise men, the hereafter:
I am a lover and have had my heart taken from me: I wish for nothing but the Beloved!
If thou proceed one step from the street of mere Wishing toward me (says He):
I shall traverse a hundred paces forward out of regard for thee!

I do not know whether in this deep sea I am standing, moving or being carried away!
Burn up the tree of thy being altogether with the fire of Love,
For unless thou art completely consumed, thou shalt be dominated by Smoke!

Shamsh of Tabrez thus delivers himself as to this :—

When in love, I am neither the body nor its life;
It is a wonderful thing; I am neither this nor that!
Wherever I go I am the mad one of Love;
I do not understand what Ca'ba is and what the Fane of Infidelity!
He is Real without vagueness and doubt;
I am merely a thought, without vagueness and doubt!

It is said in the Kitab-al-Badayeh:—

That is not Love which emerges on the tongue from the heart!
And he is not a lover who gets tired of the Beloved!
He is the true Lover who for the joy of audience,
Goes dancing merrily to offer his head to the Sword of affliction!
My heart has become so much attached to Thee,
That I am wearied with all the rest of the world!
Since my Love for thee has parted me from the two worlds,
How can I grieve if they sneer at me?
I am tearing my robe again and again in the paroxysm of love,

Because all my being has become Him, and I am this robe!
In Resurrection when I raise my head above the earth of the grave
The dust of my love for thee will be found on the robe of my being!

Sa'di declares:—

Sa'di fears not at all men's upbraiding:
What fear can a boat have from the Sea in a storm?
Secure the pleasure of the Beloved and let the others go:
What fear canst thou have if they raise a thousand troubles for thee?
If Sa'di's death occurs from the sword of thy neglect,
Lawful is the blood-shedding done by friends!

The following is from the Gazliat-i-Qadim:—

Whence came I, and whence is this desire for thy *wasl* (union)?
Though Thou art the Elixir of Life, it means that I am seeking my own destruction!

Eraki thus delivers himself as to this:—

No sooner had I looked in thy direction than I fell in love with thee;
I wander now, like one mad, in thy street; pray look at me now and then!
He enjoys joy, prosperity and success,
Who seeks to obtain Thee!
Blessed is the pain whose cure thou art;

Blessed is the road which leadeth to Thee!
All joy and excellence is reserved for that Home, O Beloved!
Where thou art the Guest!
Do not question one who has lost his heart about Islam and Infidelity;
For him thou art both of them!
Eraqi is eternally seeking
That affliction whose panacea thou art!
Within and without me is manifest the Beloved's Image!
Such, indeed, should be the Temple in the realm of Infidelity!
Urfi lies weltering in his heart's blood, and dances:
The real moth is he who will burn in his own Fire!
When they buried Mejnun underground;
A voice was heard from God:
"What hast thou brought to our court, O Mejnun?"
Mejnun heaved a sigh from his heart, and said:
"My head was ever filled with love for Leila,
Where was there a thought for thy Judgment Day?"

We shall now reproduce some verses from Maulana Nizam-ul-Din who says:—

The heart draws me, I go to see the Beloved;
Every morning I proceed in the direction of the Garden!
A hundred times have I called, and been refused;
I am a shameless lover that I continue to call!
I once saw that Face which is like the Moon;

Having fallen in love with it, I go to thy lane again and again!
My friends asked me, "Where goest thou O Nizami?"
I said, "Why ask a lover? I am going to my Beloved!"
The clay of Adam's body became moist with love;
A hundred mischiefs and riots arose in the world!
The soul's vein was touched with the lancet of love,
A drop oozed out; it came to be known as the Heart!
Drink the blood of thy heart; no wine is better than that!
Put thy teeth to thy liver; no roast is so good!
Thou shalt not find God in treasures and gifts;
The Heart is the Book of Love; no tome is better than that!
I am Light; I am Warmth; I am a Grove and a Park;
I am a temple, the Idol; the priest and the sacred thread.
Nay, nay; I am wrong; I am none of these!
I am the scent of the Rose, and a love-stricken heart!
If thou wilt polish thy heart like a mirror,
Thou shalt surely perceive the glory of the Beloved!
He is in my Heart; and my heart is in his hand:
As if the mirror be in my hand and I in the mirror!
I am Mejnun; I am happy with my home in the mountains and woods;

I am dying of heartache!
I have no hankering for a home!
Thou art not such that I may withdraw myself from thy companionship,
So that if thou art angry, I can find another lover!
No one can be called a man who has not experienced the bitter sweet of pain;
He is a coward who does not know suffering!
The Elixir of Life is but the water squeezed from a tear-drenched robe!
Else Mejnun would not be biding in the deserts for nothing!
Put up with affliction that comes from practising religion, because that leads to Happiness!
All other forms of affliction are only afflictions!
The rival came; he enquired after my well-being in the Beloved's words:
Alas! this regard has made me ill again!
The Beloved draws me forcibly towards Himself:
I am helpless; I have no control over myself!
Name and fame for Lovers there is none, except in name.
They detest name, and would flee from fame!
If thou art in Love, shed tears!
Flee from all else except the thought of the Beloved's possession!
Gardens and parks without thee appear to me as the world appears to a crow:
With thee, I have no taste for the garden or the rose!
Hidden in my breast is thy Love;
The seed of affection has been sown in my heart!

I see thy beauty in every lovely thing.
In my heart I cherish none but thee!
Whosoever knows himself also knows the world:
I do not understand the suffering of another unless I suffer myself!
Acquire the stirring heartache of Love, that its medicine may come from Providence;
Worry not over its darning, let the heart be torn!
Distress is my food; screening others' faults is my usage!
Hot tears are honour to me; cold sighs from the heart, cooling zephyrs!
Soundness of Intellect is sickness; disease of Love, medicine!
The fire of Love has completely burnt up and reduced to ashes everything else but ME!
I am insensible, but know this much, that His command is my joy!
Whoever becomes crazed from love of Him,
May become Him today, or may be tomorrow!
Whosoever finds the way to the street of the Beloved,—
Eternal Paradise becomes his abode!
Woe unto the Zahid who would ban Love!
When did lovers heed his advice?
Whoever beholds his ravishing eye—
His eye and heart become the cup and the decanter of wine for him!

We shall now quote a few verses from the Diwan-i-Nyaz:—

As soon as the heart announced the glad tidings of the arrival of love

Intellect, self-control and peace at once beat the drum for departure!
That, whom it was difficult to behold; that, who has no traces and marks anywhere,—
Love has enabled me to see His glory in every tiny unit!
How shall I describe, O my companion! the effect of beholding his benign eye?
It freed me from all obligations in the twinkling of an eye!
I do not like O Preacher! anything other than a glimpse of the Beloved!
Thou art welcome to thy *houri* and (the dogma of) sin!
Lay desolate the house of thy life O Nyaz!
It shall remain then filled with the Being of Truth!
Hearing the stories of the paroxysms of Love, O Nyaz!
My heart sinks within itself more and more from fear!
Be careful in the gamble of Love, O my Heart!
Take care that you do not lose the game, my friend!
Should the bright-eyed Beloved demand your life,
You should see to it that you do not say no to her!
You should never seek a remedy for your suffering, O Nyaz!
You should regard it as above all joys!
Whose thought makes one forget home and all other things—
Can that Beloved be forgotten by anyone?
Love is the secret of madness!
How can magic and charm attain to it?

What fear have lovers of destitution?
It is the consequence of Love, not the working of destiny!
Thou shouldst never set thy foot on the Path, O Covetous man!
This is the narrow Lane of Love, not a public highway!
It stretches infinite, so that wherever you go,
There is the beginning of it but not the end!
Strange is the world of Love, as can be seen,
Morning and Evening there are not the same as the morning and evening here!
What bashfulness canst thou have before men, O Nyaz!
Thou art not the only one known to be incorrigible among lovers!
I have placed a mountain of sorrow on my head in thy love, come what may!
Comfort, pleasure and life I have given up all, come what may!
Ask not for advice from the muddle-headed me, O Friends!
I have no wits left now, come what may!
Take thy hand off such a sufferer as I am, O Physician!
Leave me alone to my fate, come what may!
Leaving the School of the Intellect and going into the drinking booth of Love,
I have nowq uaffed the cup of annihilation and insensibility, come what may!
No sooner was the fire of Love kindled than I was consumed like cotton wool!

Nothing is left of the bundle of being, life and body,—come what may!
Leave me insensible; such is my delight!
Permit me to remain nameless and traceless—this is sufficient name for me!
From head to foot I have been consumed like a candle:
Perhaps this is the end of Love!
I would be an infidel if I knew myself that I had a being:
Thou art all in all to me—this alone is my Islam!
Absorbed in Thee I have no idea of day or night O Beloved!
This unconsciousness of time, alone is my morning and evening!
It is beyond words; it is unattainable by seeking!
The senses cannot reach there; Intellect itself has no access to it!
The heart is an invaluable thing, O Nyaz!
Do not give it except to a purchaser!

We shall now take a few verses from the Diwan of Mir Dard:—

It has now become, alas! a guest-house from the multiplicity of imagination's products—
That untenanted Heart which was Thy Private Apartment!
There may be very many pleasures in sin, to be sure:
But the delight of true love is unique in itself!
I have no concern with king or beggar:
Since I have no desire for a crown, and none for a mitre!

Life had in some kind of way awakened me;
But when I opened my eyes I fell asleep at once!
If you understand it, I am the revealer of the traces of Immortality!
But if you *regard* me as a reflection, then I am devoted to annihilation!
I know all about the two worlds:
But I do not yet understand what I am myself!
How can heaven and earth hold thy infinitude?
My heart alone is that which can hold thee!
Not even a letter of duality should enter into thy unity:
Mirror itself dares not show its face to thee!
Thou alone art not given to *reflection* O Mirror!
Everyone who has had his eyes opened a little is struck with wonder!
This is beyond thee O Messenger! go thy way!
Who else but the Heart can convey the Beloved's Message!
I possess neither erudition, wisdom, greatness nor skill;
My all in all is the one Heart that understands!
So long as I have life, I shall seek thee;
So long as I possess a tongue I shall talk of thee!
He is seeking him outside himself!
Poor Sheikh! he is leaving his house to wander abroad!
O Friends! I have seen enough of the spectacle of this place!
You are welcome to stay here; I am going Home!
What can I have to do with Roses, O Wind?
They come, and fade away in a breath!

Is this Life or a great Tempest?
I find it spells death for me!
In vain dost thou weep continually on thy helplessness O my Heart!
Do not grieve, O Crazy Fellow! this is what happens in Love!

Here is a miscellaneous collection of verses from different poets:—

One enjoys Love only by becoming perfect:
You should love the Beloved by becoming the heart all over!
What wonderful endurance hast thou shown in restraint?
Bravo O Heart! that trembles not on being pierced!
You must buy as a bargain, O Rehan!
Even if the commodity of Love is acquired at the cost of life!
How shall I set my foot into the sea of Affection?
Every wave of it appears to be engulfing danger!
So long as the beloved does not sprinkle salt on the wounds
How does anyone know what joy there is in love and what delight in affection?
A stream of tears is flowing from thine eyes to-day:
Tell me O Zafar! what does this mean?

Bismil chants:—

The love of that bewitching One has made an abode in my heart:

This means that idol worship is the fashion now even in the house of God!
Union with the Beloved is a matter for satisfaction, even in exchange for life;
The gift of the enjoyment of the Beloved's union is cheap even if it means one's Death!

Mashafi thinks:—

If there be an end to a thing one may reach it:
Love's Ocean, I have found, has no shore!
How can I, O Mashafi, call myself lightly burdened?
I have not yet shaken off the load of life!

Jura't's *ghazal* on love is interesting:—

There are many kinds of sufferings, but that of Love is different from all others:
It is in this world too, but its world is different!
No obligation of a lacerated heart need be bestowed on the surgeon:
Its wound is of a different kind altogether and its salve too, is different from other salves!
Do not disturb Jura't when you see him engrossed in silence;
Keep quiet; He lives in a different world nowadays!

Atish puts the matter thus:—

It is constantly being broadcast from the Place of the Beloved:
He alone will reach here who will kill himself first in love!

Pain has become acceptable to the Heart:
I can even swear that I do not sleep!
I shall employ my heart as a guide:
No need to ascertain thy address!
Apply no ointment on the wounds of my breast!
I shall carry these hurts over with me when I die!
Whoever has not suffered from Love in this life will not be able to see God on the Last Day!
Ill-famed Lovers sojourn not in one place; they are
Somewhere in the morning, and elsewhere when it is evening time!
It is my desire that every one of my physical organs should become a heart, and that way
I may enjoy the delight of pain all over my body!

The Rehbar-i-Ishq states:—

That heart whose foundation is not Love
May be the very House of God, yet it will never be inhabited!
"A thousand years of devotion is no more than a moment's merit on the path of Love"
What canst thou expect to get from Love if thou art greedy?
Will a dog become the Bird of Good Luck from gnawing bones?
Whoever is granted the gift of Love—
People call him mad!
When heaven failed to sustain the burden of Faith,
They drew the lot in my name!
Perfection is this that thou shalt cease to be, altogether!

Union is only this that thou shouldst vanish into Him!
Unless thou shalt burn up thy down and feathers like the moth,
How shalt thou become of the same hue as Fire?
Thy hair has turned grey from the study of the three Rs,
Still thou knowest not a single letter of the Art that is Divine!

Let us now hear the comment of the Tohfat-ul-Ashqeen:—

Because the enemy within thee is powerful O Pious One!
It cannot be destroyed without 'companionship'!
It is removed by the Love of God.
There is no other remedy but this!
Love is like Plato and Jalinous (source of Philosophy and medicine);
It is the cure for pride of ancestry and fame!
Love is the Elixir of Life O thou that knowest not!
If it be not present then there is certain death to be faced!
Whoever quaffs even a single drop from its cup
Lives on for ever, like the Christ!
The particle of dust which is touched by a ray from Love
Flies then in the sky!
All ailments are cured by the Love for Truth,
Remember this O Wise man!
Be thou happy, Love, my Delightful madness!

Vive O Panacea of all my afflictions!
From Love the body of Dust ranks above heaven;
Mountains are moved and set in motion!
Every heart that becomes enlivened by the Love of God
Becomes filled with Real Life!
What is Love? It is the suffering of the Heart, O Goodman!
It burns up sense-cravings altogether!

The following verses have been taken from the Masnavi of Bu Ali Shah Qalandar:—

Rejuvenate thy faded heart:
Let the Love of the Beloved One infuse Life into it afresh!
The Lover and the Beloved become one:
Thou thyself art the Beloved as well as the Lover —there is no doubt of this!
O thou who hast learnt the secret of Love!
Step with manly step into Love's business!
If thou sacrifice thy life for the sake of the Beloved,
For one life He will give thee a hundred!
Those who have been sacrificed in the cause of Love
Will be given from a secret source another life, by way of a gift!
A True Lover sacrifices his life:
Glory, a hundred glories, to true Lovers!
Give me O God! the discerning Eye;
And in my head the madness of Love!
None but the true seeker can find the way to the Path;

None but the Lover may enter that Lane!
Draw the sword of Renunciation to destroy whatever is not Abiding (Truth):
Then see if aught else besides God is left!
Strike out Love and the Lover, too, altogether,
So that only the Beloved remains! and adieu!
This very existence of ours is the curtain that hides Thee:
If this can be removed only Thou wilt remain!

The description of Love is thus given in the Behr-al-Haqiqat:—

From Love a sparrow may become a powerful Eagle;
From it a tiny insect may become an enormous Dragon!
Love maketh man the envy of Angels;
He rises above the heavens from it!
Love is the ladder to the Palace of Providence!
From Love are destroyed the doubts and the evils of the Heart!
The heart which is without Love is no heart at all;
It is worse than wet clay, O man of Faith!
How can the Man in Love find peace and quietude
Till he beholds the Face of the Beloved!

The following verses come from the Masnavi Behlol:—

When thou hast destroyed thy life completely—
At that moment shalt thou behold the Beloved without disguise!

The Lover and the Beloved thou shalt realize to be thine own Self:
Abandon thy life and thy body and break away from Duality!
Enlightened Gnostics become Perfect Adepts;
Lovers have become united to Him in His company!

(II)

LOVE SEEKS NOT REWARD

The lover does not desire Paradise, nor greatness and prosperity in this world. Hafiz says:—

O Hafiz, Heaven is my ancestors' house:
How should I build my nest in such a deserted place?

Nyaz thinks:—

He who is a beggar in thy lane is indifferent to the eight heavens;
He who is bound to thee (in love) is freed from the two worlds!
O Preacher! my paradise is my 'scarred' heart!
The Beloved is my *houri* and the tearful eye the heavenly stream of Kosar!
Should there be no pure love of God, O Zahid!
Say what is the object to be gained by thy Paradise and the *houri*?

I am going towards the Beloved's Abode; I seek the light of 'her' face:
What purpose of mine will be served if they give me Paradise and *houris*?

Khwaja Mu'aien-ul-Din Chishti expresses himself thus:—

The agitation in my heart is not ended by heaven:
Beholding the face of the Beloved is satisfaction for my heart!
The seven hells are a spark from the heart's burning breath!
The eight heavens are but a single rose from this garden (of the soul)!
If thou art with the Beloved, hell shall become paradise for thee;
And if without that dear one, heaven itself shall become a hell for thee!
The fool desires this world; the learned man, the next:
I am a lover and 'heart-less:' I want nothing but the Beloved!

Another mystic says:—

Heaven is where there is no pain,
And where no one has any concern with another!

Bekhud thinks:—

He who can find his way to the Beloved's abode—
Eternal Heaven becomes his home!
We shall never leave the Beloved's street;

> We shall not allow ourselves to be deceived with the green parks of a Paradise !

Ghalib states :—

> That heaven whose praises the Zahid is never tired of singing
> Is but a single bouquet from a forgotten niche of us intoxicated ones !

It is said in the Rehbar-i-Haq :—

> Thy glory is manifest without a veil even to-day :
> I am wondering why there is the promise of tomorrow !

We have it from the Tohfat-ul-Ashqeen :—

> This, O Beloved, is what the excellent Attar has said :
> 'Angels have not this good fortune :
> They have Love, but not heartache :
> None but man enjoys heartache !'
> If the Beloved is not in heaven, how will the heart be content ?
> For me Paradise itself will become hell, in the absence of the Beloved !

The following is from the book entitled the Ramuzat-al-Haqiqat (Mysteries of Reality) :—

"In the estimation of the Knower of Truth paradise is valueless. What concern can the lover of Truth have with it ? If his hand actually touch the *houri*, the purity of his vow will be defiled. If a saint ask for anything other than the abiding Truth, the door of prayer will be closed on him. Paradise

is a decoy; the concern is with the Lord of the House!"

It is said in the "Keemiya-i-Sa'dat":—

"The soul is indivisible.... On account of the bodily association, the soul will find itself in a condition at the end, and there will be heaven or hell. And by its own self, without the companionship or intervention of the body, there will be another state ... And we call those joys and feastings of the Heart (Soul) which are not for the body nor through it Spiritual Heaven.... Many so-called Philosophers are not only unaware of this state, but they deny it altogether. They only know of the Paradise and hell which can be experienced with a body."

How well does Mir Dard express this when he says:—

There is no release from eating and drinking even in heaven:
The business of hell will be kept going even in Paradise!

(III)

REASON VERSUS LOVE

Now listen to the debate between Reason and Love.

We shall first of all refer to the Masnavi of the Maulana of Rum (Asia Minor). Says the Maulana:—

The teacher for Lovers is the beauty of the Beloved;

Her face is their book as well as their
lesson!
Life is king, and Reason his minister:
Deluded Reason will lead Life to delusion!
Do not make finite Reason thine adviser!
Appoint the All-knowing Guide to be thy
Minister of state!
The other Reason is a gift from God;
Its source is in the Heart of Life!
When the waters of Wisdom gush out from the
Heart
They do not become stagnant, nor old nor
discoloured!
Seek this fountain within thyself
So that thou mayest become independent of all
other sources!
Hence has the Prophet of excellent bounty so
well said:
A grain of thy Reason is better than fasting and
prayer!
Finite Reason has brought discredit on Reason
itself;
It has upset all man's worldly schemes!
Love is that flame which, arising,
Burns up all else but the Beloved!

Hafiz puts it thus:—

We nourish the enemy and kill the friend:
Nobody interferes in the why and wherefore of
my doings!
The court of King Love is placed much above
that of the Intellect:

Only those who carry their lives in their hands can kiss its door!
Verily is my heart bleeding with love for thee,
Thy Glory is beyond my conception!

It is stated in the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

It is a mistake to rely on human intellect:
For God is beyond the reach of the Intellect!
There have been thousands who were learned and wise;
But they were ignorant of Love!
That person is lucky who is remembered by his Beloved;
It sets him free from the chains of sorrow, trouble and anxiety!
The path of Reason consists of nothing but twists and turns:
For the true Seeker there is nothing but GOD!
Thou art the name and the Reality as well:
Reason is confounded by this mystery!

It has been said in the Behr-al-Haqeeqat:—

The lover is only the seeker of the Beloved;
He has no concern with heaven or hell!
His eye is not directed toward profit or loss;
He wants only the Beloved of the silver-like body;
He likes not the Ca'ba nor goes to an Idol's fane;
He fears not hell nor is he anxious to reach heaven!
Those who see hidden mysteries only seek his being;

They have no interest in anything other than TRUTH!

Bekhud tells us:—

Thy Reason O Bekhud! is both poison and its antidote,
It is the Light and also a consuming fire; that is all!
The knowledge of thy self is the province of Reason:
However learned thou mayst be mock not Reason!
O Bekhud! we know what is lasting and what is not:
Love lasts; Intellect perishes!

Nyaz thinks:—

O Nyaz! I have nothing to do with the good or evil of the affairs of the world:
He who has passed beyond the self cares for nothing, come what may!
Words fail there; it is also beyond search:
The senses cannot approach it; intellect too fails to attain to it!

Mir Dard chants thus:—

What is this Magical spell O God! the understanding of Reason
May run as hard as it may, it can never transcend itself!

Ghalib maintains:—

Our place of worship is beyond the limits of Reason,

Those who know call the Ca'ba the sign-post to Ca'ba!

According to the Tohfat-al-Ashqeen:—

Philosophy, Commentary and Tradition constitute knowledge proper;
Whoever learns anything else becomes a devil!

It is stated in the Masnavi Behlol that:—

Reason always seeks to found the family;
Love ever breaks it up!
Reason is the guide of fools;
Love is the leader of Lovers!
Reason obscures the way of the Path;
Love understands the intricacies of the journey!
Reason confines itself to bowing and prostrating, in that realm;
Love plunges itself into the (stream of) Being!
Reason is helpless in her work;
Love has found the way to a hundred mysteries of Truth!
Reason is devoted to recitation and the telling of the beads;
Love goes over to Unity and expression!
Reason abandons the quest when faced with failure;
Love drives its equipage further afield!
Reason seeks dignity;
Love desires renunciation of desires!
Reason is continually given to prying and argument;

Love is in action all the time, like the waters of the Nile!
Reason is ever doubting its own conclusions;
Love plunges fearlessly into realisation!
When reason becomes perfect with suffering,
Love becomes united to its being!
The ambition of love is the infinitude of tracelessness;
That of reason the management of the world!
Reason turns into a new by-path every moment;
Love has no street to run into, my son!
Reason for ever remains attached to the washing of the outside;
Love loves union and detachment from this world!

Briefly stated, the essence of the above is as follows:—

1. Reason can take man to both good and bad conditions; and, therefore,

2. It behoves man to acquire the keenness of Reason first of all, and then to ascertain, with its aid, which is the true object of love. Thereafter Love should have its way. Reason has then no other work left to do than to assist one in the pursuit of Love. The most important duty of Reason is to interpret the commentaries and glosses of the Scriptures. It should be realised that in the absence of the help furnished by the Traditions and Glosses on the Scriptures of Religion it is very easy for Reason to go astray. These Books contain the teaching

of the saintly knowers which can never be wrong itself; but in most of the Scriptures and Books it has become obscured by the multiplicity of parable and allegory. For this reason, especially, is there great need for the possession of an understanding Intellect, so that it may rediscover the lost teaching once more.

CHAPTER V

THE TRUE BELOVED

In this chapter I shall describe the real Beloved of the Rinds.

We have it from the Masnavi of the Maulana Rumi:—

If time flies, say fly away; there is no fear:
Stay thou who art of matchless Purity!
Whoever becomes traceless and without tracings in his heart
Becomes a mirror to reflect all hidden tracings!
Gnosis is Solomon's Ring of Kingship:
The whole universe is like an Image and Knowledge is its Life!
God made me in His own Image;
My attributes follow His!
Those Gnostics who have of drunk the Cup of Truth
Have known all secrets; and remain in hiding!
Therefore, demand from life union with the Beloved!
In silence, without importunity recite the name of God!
Towards thy wholeness proceed O un-whole God!
Pass beyond self-ness; come to thy Self for a moment!
Throw the Water of Life into the Ocean of Life!

So that thou shouldst become an infinite and endless Stream!
Be without ego; come out of egoity;
For God's sake understand God, O God!

We have it from Hafiz:—

Whoever learnt the mystery of the two worlds from the lines on the goblet of wine,
Understood the secrets of Jamshed's Cup from the footprints on the sands of the way!
The Beloved's Glory is not veiled or screened:
Do not stir the dust of the way, so that thou mayest behold that uncovered Face!
No screen intervenes between the Lover and the Beloved:
Thou art thine own obstruction O Hafiz: move out of the way!
Enter into my broken heart that it may regain strength again;
Come that Life may begin to pulsate once more in the dead heart!
O thou King of Beauty and Understanding!
Thou art like nothing ever heard or seen!
Had Adam been aware of the Beauty of thy Face,
The Evil One would never have refused to bow before him!
When thy blessed shade spread over my head
Prosperity became my slave and Good Luck my attendant!
I was an Angel and the High Heaven was my Place;

Adam has brought me into this wilderness of desolation!
If the Light of the Love of Truth penetrate into thy heart,
By God! thou shalt become superior to the Sun in the Sky!
From head to toe thou shalt become Effulgence Divine,
When thou shalt, for the love of God, cease to run about and think!
O thou whose countenance shines with kingly dignity!
In one stray thought of thine are clothed a hundred purposes of God!
Thou wishest to wear the crown of a King; display thine innate crest!
Thou art superior to the jewels of Jamshed and Fredun!
The glamour of thy beauty draws to itself the hearts of beggars and kings,
May the Evil Eye keep away from thee! for thou art both Life and the Beloved!
O thou Morning Breeze! fetch me dust from the place of the Beloved,
That I may enlighten my eye with it!
From the Beloved's place blows the freshening wind of the New Year:
If thou wouldst be benefited light the lamp of thy heart!
Thou art the Moon, and the Sun has become thy slave:

Thy slave has become the source of warmth to the world!
In this way, from the light of thy Face
The Sun has become radiant and the Moon luminous!

From Nyaz we learn:—

Thou art Being itself, then how can I deny thee?
The fact of my denial is the argument in proof of thy being!
How can the Eagle of Thought penetrate into the atmosphere of thy Greatness?
That Bird of mine becomes denuded of its feathers and down in that region!
Wonder upon wonder; mystery within mystery is here!
Full of wonder is the whole of my work from beginning to end!
I have given a hint, O Nyaz! about thy non-dual Essence:
Open the eye of thine understanding and learn the meaning of my verses!
None but myself is the veil over His countenance:
Which when lifted will erase all traces of my being!
Thou art both the spectator as well as the spectacle, O Beloved!
Why dost thou then remain hidden from my seeking eyes?
Thy being, O Nyaz! is the serpent on the Treasure of His Glory:

The treasure can be acquired if the serpent is destroyed!
That wonderful Sweetheart of mine has thrown his own light on himself!
My Beloved of rose-like cheeks is beholding his own face!
I was hidden in his essence, like butter in milk:
I have seen the mystery and have come to realise my Self!
The bough, the leaf and the flower are concealed in the seed of his essence:
In this spectacle of the self I have beheld the loveliness of this Garden of mine!
My heart is lit up from the brilliance of the beauty and the glory of the Beloved,
Congratulations O heart! for thy blind eye has become illuminated!
On all sides has become manifest the being of the excellent Beloved!
He shelters the Lord of the two worlds under his own shade,
Who finds shelter under the Huma's Feather of His being!
My being is the ladder to understanding:
My sanction itself is the revealer of Reality!
Do not be surprised if I proclaim myself God!
God said about me that I was His mystery (essence)!
O Zahid! perform thy ablutions with the blood of thy liver,
If it be thine ambition to utter my prayers!
Become, like the reed, empty from end to end,

If thou be thinking of Me, the Player of the Lute!
The candle was lit up from the light of my heart;
The moth's passion is due to my stirrings!
Beauty is itself the lover and the beloved both;
At the door of my own Grace is my affection!
It has been proved that this tiny bubble of mine is itself the river;
Otherwise this drop could never be roaring like the sea!
My form is low, but significance high!
My interior is free and absolute, though the exterior is in slavery and bonds!
There is nothing but the Being of God inherent and hidden in life;
Open the eyes of thy heart and perceive the truth in its nakedness!
Obstructed by his own being, and hidden by himself, too;
He became his own veil and threw it on his own face!
Know the Self to be God, and perceive God, so that thou shouldst become God:
For the love of God I have given the hint to the seeker of God!
I am the beauty and the glory of God; I am the dignity and the grace of God!
I am honour, greatness and splendour, too; I am not I, I am not my self!
I am the Ca'ba, I am the sacred place, I am the Fane, I am the Idol;
I am Musalman; I am Brahman; I am not I; I am not myself!

The world is but a letter from one of the pages
of my book of Knowledge:
I am a comprehensive encyclopædia, a strange and
marvellous compilation!
My being is a great river, in reality,
Though in appearance I am only like a mirage!
When the Sun of my Essence stepped out of the
cover,
All the atoms of the world became luminous
through my radiation!
O men with deadened hearts! I am Life Eternal
itself;
Come to me O thirsty ones, for I am water!
I am the Light [Sun] that was present in non-
being,
In the direction of my being's sunrise
I was the spectator and also the spectacle myself!
Being without why and wherefore, I am the Eagle
of the Mount of Divinity!
Without doubt and without parallel I am the
Eagle of the Mount of Divinity!
I am pure, untainted by unity, with multiplicity I
am unsullied;
Rid of all misfortunes, I am the Eagle of the
Mount of Divinity!
I am beyond creation; I am above necessity;
Higher than ک (k) and ن (n); I am the Eagle of the
Mount of Divinity!

Note—The letters *k* and *n* probably refer to the creative fiat, *kun* (do), with which exoteric theologians maintain that their God created the world.

However much I may be like a shaded light,
Behind the curtain of concealment I am the Eagle of the Mount of Divinity!
I am the Chief of every chief; I am beyond the conception of men;
I am myself more hidden than all hidden things;
I am the Eagle of the Mount of Divinity!
I am the crown of holy places; the direction for prostration, and kneeling,
I am the God of all worshippers; I am the Eagle of the Mount of Divinity!
I am the King without ambition though I may be the image of want;
I do not understand why I am; I am the Eagle of the Mount of Divinity!
O seekers, O seekers! I am with you everywhere;
I am in men's eyes, and in their hearts!
This distance and this separation are really due to your own thinking and delusion:
In relation to you I am what the river is to the wave!
I am more permanent than all others; no need to mention my permanence;
I am different from all other beings, without needing to be differentiated!
Contrary to the usage of this world, I shine behind the curtain;
Till I come out of the curtain I remain hidden behind it!
With regard to form I am of humanity (ناسوت);

With regard to meaning I am merged in extinction (لاهوت)!
I am the most hidden of all hidden things, and the most evident of all evident ones!
By withdrawing from diversions I have entered Discrimination!
Out of the joy of my own Light I have arranged the concert of the world!
Although there can be no one other than me in the new and the old worlds,
In the Essence of my Purity I am the Supreme One!
With my own glory have I modelled the game of Love;
I am both Leila and Mejnun; and also Vamiq and Uzra!
I am the first and the last; I am the apparent and the hidden;
I am, too, the panorama of the world, and also the intoxication of the hereafter.
At times begging is my creed; at times desirelessness is my glory.
They both suit me well; I am the servant and the master too!
Like a great river this drop of mine became tempestuous
When, with my drowning, appeared the hidden Sea that is my Self!
That God of the seeking mortals has made me desireless;
He has shown compassion on my aching heart!
I am the Light of the Essence of God, O those with eyes!

Though in my appearance I appear to have been
made with dust!
I am the Spirit of God; I am the life of Divinity!
I have grown with wonderful magic out of water
and clay!
I am the theatre of the Essence; and the stage for
the appearance of qualities:
I am also the Reality of the universe, and I am
made of Light!
I am the mirror of purity, I am the goblet that
reveals Divinity!
I am both united and separate, O Elect!
I am the greed-less King; I am tall and upright
like the cypress tree!
I am also a slave to desire, bent like a bow!
How long will the veil cover thy face?
How long the clouds on the fair face of the Sun?
My eyes are blinded with my own being:
How long will the curtain remain between us?
Lead me to the Ocean of Reality:
How long shall I continue to be misled by the
mirage?
Teach me one letter of the love of thee:
How long shall I go on reading stories in books?
Make me indifferent to my self, and keep me with
thee!
How long shall I remain infected with egoity?
Make me drunk with thy intoxicating eyes:
How long shall I remain subject to the craving
for wine?
How long will the love for atoms of earth,
Keep me lagging behind the Sun?

O my Beloved ! show me thy beauty !
How long O my Life ! wilt thou remain hidden from me !
Becoming ego-less I became independent of the Messiah :
Pain itself became my medicine !
Whoever will see himself different from God O Bekhud !
Vain will be his enterprise altogether !
I do not know who I am and what is my name :
I am lost in wonderment , who am I ?
I am intoxicated with the beauty of my countenance :
I know not wine, nor decanter of wine, nor goblet!
I am not located on the earth nor in the heavens,
I have my home in placelessness !
My Life is a wonderful Region,
Because there is neither morning nor evening there!
When the Sun that is me emerged from behind the screen,
All things, general and special, became manifest in its Light !
I may appear to be mortal outwardly ;
But I bear Immortality within Me!
Thou art different from whatever thou regardest thyself to be,
Thou hast not seen the Rose, but only the thorn !
Thou art a newly budded Flower in the Garden ;
Thou regardedst thyself as a thorn and becamest a dustbin !
Distinguish the flower from the thorn,
Though they are from the same garden !

We shall now quote Khwaja Moieen-ul-Din Chishti:—

Thou art a King and hast flown from the hand of a King:
Do not incline except toward a King, and come back to thy King (ship)!
The Steed of thought has advanced a hundred paces towards thee:
Thou, too, give up thy hesitation and move but one step!
How long wilt thou knock at door after door in search of the Beloved?
Look at thy Self, for thou art the theatre of all names!
Since the soul comes to this world of matter from the Empire of Light,
It goes back finally to that realm which is the end of being!
Within the fortress of my heart lives a King, who could not be contained in all the land and water if he were to pitch his tent outside!
When my heart was purified from the rust of the love of another being,
In every particle of my being appeared the Light of the Beauty of God!
I saw a lovely Face in the mirror of life,
As clearly as I see the Sun in pure water!
From the Ocean of Life the Cloud of Mystery drew up a drop to itself;
That drop returned to the River and became of the same nature with it!

I do not say I am God ; it is the Beloved who tells
me to say so !
How can I refuse when urged by the Beloved to
speak out ?
If thou shalt examine thine essence with the eye
of care,
Thou shalt find the stability of all other things
dependent on thine own !
This faggot-like existence of thine will become
the Light that Moses beheld,
If thou wilt remove from thy head the soot of
selfishness !
I rushed up to the top of heaven and asked for the
whereabouts of the Beloved :
God said : He is day and night with thee, and
thou askest me!
By God ! None in the two worlds is other than
God :
A hundred arguments go to prove this, but none
know them !

Farid-ul-Din Attar says :—

Who am I to boast of knowing Him ?
He alone can know Him who knows himself !
I know not whether thou art I or I am thou :
I have forgotten myself in thee, and there is an
end to duality !

We have it from Zauk :—

I found thee nowhere though I searched the
whole world for thee :
In the end I saw thee within my own heart, in my
own being thou lay hid !

The Kitab Taiebat shows:—

But all have not eyes to see
That pattern which I perceive in thy face!

The following verses are from the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

The heart has been seeking to obtain the Beloved and the Beloved is in the heart:
The result of my collection has been the collection of the collected thing!

The following come from Shah Nyaz Ahmad Nyaz:—

You cannot cover the face of the river with its own wave:
The veil of the bubble will not veil a bubble!
It is only due to my own unsteadiness of imagination
That I find the face of Truth veiled over!
If the eyes are closed the day will be like night:
No blame can attach to the Sun for this!
Of what use is the illusory existence of this universe?
How can the delusion of a mirage quench thy thirst?
Thou art thine own curtain O Good Nyaz!
Thy departure will mean the departure of the screen!
What I had taken to be a drop O Nyaz!
Is seen to be a shoreless Sea by the eye!
Whoever has come to know his own self
Prostrates before himself, at his own feet O Nyaz!
O friends! If anyone is biding in the Kingdom of God it is I!

If anyone is the foundation of the structure of the two worlds it is I!
I have discovered and tested it again and again, at last I have found the truth (which is):
If there is treasure it is I; and also the Treasurer am I!
Love is my play day and night:
If there is Quais I am he; if there be Farhad I am he!
All these pictures are evidence of my skill:
If there is a picture I am it; if an artist I am he!
The documents of being are authenticated by my signatures alone:
If there is a list it is I; if an approval mark I am it!
Spreading out the net of sentiment I am driven and entrapped in it:
If there is prey it is I; if a bird-catcher I am he!
All talk on education and learning is meaningless, O Nyaz!
If there is a pupil I am he; if a teacher I am he!

According to Khuwaja Mir Dard we have it:—

If I do not see you present here
The rest of visible nature means nothing to me!
I was myself the veil on the face of the Beloved,
When I awoke I saw no veil!
Day and night O Dard! I am seeking him
Whom no one here has seen or understood!
That status is entirely different and beyond the intellect:
He is not God whom I am seeking!

I too can demand a gift from Providence ;
But what can it be when I have no desire of any kind whatsoever ?
Man's being is the chief piece in the game of Divinity :
How can there be play if the King is not on the board ?
In a hundred garbs appear the Images whom men adore ;
But I have no other Beloved than Thou !
Seek Him O Dard ! within thyself, as if in a looking-glass :
I have no foothold outside this door !
Truly is being present in the mirror of non-being itself :
A whole sea is raging within a bubble, in reality !

A ghazal from Zafar will now be given :-

I did not know that God was present in the form of man ;
I did not know that without reason I was keeping aloof from God !
O my heart ! though I had read the glad tidings of the message of nearness in the Qura'n ;
I knew it not !
There was a layer of rust on the surface of my heart :
I did not know that the moon was hidden in the clouds !
I knew it not that although he was King of Being,
He wandered from door to door in a body of water and clay !

By becoming silent a strange thing I perceived :
I did not know that my complexion had become disfigured !

Now will be given a few verses from the Rehbar-i-Haq :—

I am from the river and the river is simply myself :
Only he will understand this speech who knows !
When the eye of the heart is opened it sees the Beloved in itself :
When the eye of the bubble is awakened it becomes the river itself !
He sees himself and also talks with himself :
The Knowers have no self but God ; and adieu to all the rest !

It is said by Bayezeed of Bistam :—

"When I seek myself I discover God ; and when I seek God I find myself !"
If thou desirest to behold that unique Glory look into the human form !
Observe with joy that one's own Essence becomes visible then !
O you who are searching for God ! you are God ! you are God !
There is no need to seek ; you are He ; you are He !
Since He is really I and I am really He,
Why should I not call myself God !

"Whoever regards the Supreme God as present within him is a dualist ; and he is a vile wretch if he believes Him to be outside himself." This is tantamount to saying that God and soul are not

two separate beings, and that the perfect Soul is itself called God. But this also does not mean that there is only one soul, that is, the Essence of God, and no other. Ghalib well refutes this notion in his excellent way. He says:—

If there be none other than thou in existence,
Then, what is this noisy multitude O God?
It is a wonderful River in which lies concealed the Pearl:
It is a wonderful Pearl, too, that is not found outside the River!

Our next quotation is from the Masnavi Tohfat-ul-Ashqeen:—

This screen is because of thyself;
If thou removest thyself thou shalt see the Beloved!
That He should be so near and thou so far—
This is the tragedy O idiot!
Why dost thou remain far from Him?
Seek Him a little in thy heart!
The Joseph of Canaan lies hidden in the Well of the Heart:
Seek Him within this mass of water and clay!
It is not the heart but an unbounded Ocean;
It is full of countless Pearls of Divinity!
Heaven and the Supreme Seat, and also the seven kingdoms of the Earth,
You will find them all within it O Ignorant man!
The heart is the corridor of the Great God;
It is the worshipful Ca'ba of Abraham, the son of Azar!

Bring under thy control thy Heart; for this is the greater Pilgrimage!
A single Heart is more worshipful than a thousand Ca'bas!
The Heart is the seat of the affection of God, thou shouldst know O man of heart!
He who does not know this is a mere lump of water and clay!
Thou art not water or fire O youth!
Thou art not air nor dust either, O man of keen understanding!
Thou art truly the Essence of God O noble-minded one!
But because of matter's influence thou art ignorant of the fact!
Thou hast forgotten thyself, and looked upon thyself as dust!
Thou hast replaced day with night!
Thou art thine own friend and thine own enemy;
Thou art the kernel as well as the husk over it!
Thou art the Lover and thou art the Beloved in reality;
Thou thyself art the apparent and thou thyself the hidden one!
Because of thy disguise O Dear One!
Thou hast no knowledge of thy Self!
Ignorant of thyself and happy in the company of the not-Self,
Thou art miles away from thy Self!
The thing thou hast known is of the vile dust;
Thou hast no kinship with it O Blessed One!
It is altogether dust, gross dust;

Thou art altogether Light, pure Light!

The following is what the author of the Masnavi has written with force as to this:

Hear it and break through the chains of matter!
Thou art a 'particle' of Light: be thou Light altogether!
Shake off thy depression and enjoy eternal Bliss!
Listen to the voice of the saintly Bayezeed,
So that thou mayest become enlightened as to the Truth:
Thou art, in reality, the Essence of the whole world;
Thou thyself art the two worlds: consider this!
Thou art, in reality, superior to both angels and men;
What thou beholdest is thou thyself: think—consider!
Thou art in very truth the opening chapter of the Sacred Book (Al Qur'an):
Discover thine own composition by thyself!
Thou thyself art the pattern of the Divine imprint!
Thou thyself art the knower of all things!
This is the perfection of thy work, without doubt,
That thou holdest the two worlds within a single being (thyself)!
Separate thy soul from thy body!
Thou shalt then understand this truth!
Run the sword of renunciation into all that is other than Truth!
Then observe what else is left except God!
This being of mine is really the veil over thy face:
If this be destroyed then thou alone wilt remain!

Should the heart wake up a little from its profound slumber:
Anyone on whom its glance is cast would become a knower of mysteries!
I am that Nightingale who has no desire to possess the Rose:
If I cast a glance at the thorn it would be transformed into a Rose Garden!
When duality shall be removed from between him and thee
Thou shalt cease to be and he will proclaim himself!

From the Besarnama we learn:—

I am God; I am God; I am God!
I am untouched by pride, vengefulness and greed!
O Brother! since no one is other than God—
Therefore—but this is quite enough for those with understanding!
If thou shouldst decline to look at the other than God in the world,
Hidden mysteries will become illuminated for thee!
Because thou shalt become enlightened in the way of Truth,
Thou shalt be annihilated in thy personality!
Whosoever remains a slave to his senses
Remains far away from the Path of God, like a vile infidel!

We have it in the Masnavi of Shah Bu Ali Qalandar:—

With enlightenment the heart becomes illuminated like a mirror:

In such a mirror the Beloved casts her reflection!
When thou shalt open thine eyes O man of Faith!
Thou shalt behold the glory of the Beloved blazing on all sides!
The Lover and the Beloved will become one:
Thou thyself art the Beloved, there is no doubt of this!
Thou dost not know the Beloved, O foolish one!
How long wilt thou remain unenlightened, like a bullock?
If thine Eye of Love be opened,
That Beloved would herself fall in love with thee!
That Life of the worlds is near unto thee
As thy life—regard her as such!
This concealment is caused by thee;
For otherwise that Life's Life is without a veil!
Do thou die before death overtake thee O Noble One!
Offer thy life to the Beloved; renounce thy personal self!
So long as thou dost not come out from behind the curtains
How canst thou set thy foot in the precincts of the Palace of the Supreme Being?

From the Marghub-al-Qalub of Shamsh of Tabrez we have it:—

There is much danger from Religion itself:
Scented flowers can be worse than thorns!
Light up the lamp of the inner Light in thee,
Then stay in the company of the Beloved from evening till dawn!

The Lover sees the Beloved hidden in himself,
He is in love with his own Self!
Certainly, the Prophets do not die,
Nor any of the saints and ascetics!
When the Bride of Enlightenment appears before men,
She charms away the intellect with her beauty!
If you collect the produce of the seven kingdoms
That will only amount to a tribute of thine army!

The next few verses come from the Masnavi of Raja:—

I am a devotee as well as God; I am a king as well as a beggar;
I am union as well as separation; I am blessedly intoxicated!
I am the Bird from placelessness; I know naught but placelessness;
I sit on the throne of Divinity; I am blessedly intoxicated!
Raja, who is the Light of Truth, is absorbed in his own pure Self;
There is no difference between us; I am blessedly intoxicated!

It is said in the Risale-i-Ramuz-al-Haqeeqat:—

"Once upon a time I sought Him and found myself; now I seek myself, and find Him!"

From the Masnavi Behlol we have it:—

When thy thoughts have become concentrated on the one subject, O man of God!

Thou shalt attain to eternal life by going through death !
When thou shalt have become self-centred O ascetic!
Thou shalt become lord and king over the whole universe !
When thou art of one mind in this path though an atom thou be,
The two worlds shall be like a drop before thee!
When thou shalt have destroyed thyself fully,
Thou shalt perceive the Beloved clearly!
Thou shalt become the lover and the beloved thyself!
Drop thy life and the body; abandon duality!
When thou shalt become single-minded on the path of truth,
Thou shalt perish so far as thy life is concerned!
Drop the (letter) m, Ahmad will become Ahad (one):
Understand the import of this: God is Great!

Al Ghazzali says in his "Keemiya-i-Sa'dat":—

"O beloved friend! know and take it as certain that self-knowledge is the key to the knowledge of God. For this reason it has been said that whoever knows himself knows God..... And some of the attributes that are present in thy disposition are of brutes and beasts, that is, of demons, and some of Angels. Concerning them so long as thou shalt not learn what thou art, and what is thy real nature, and which of the attributes are alien to thee, thou wilt be unable to find happiness......... The world

of creation (خلق = *Khalq*) is different from the world of Being (Reality). When a thing is found to possess measure, quantity, and number it is (called) the world of creation, because the word *Khalq* signifies to measure. And there is no measuring the human heart (soul), which consequently is not liable to division. The body can be broken into parts, but not the soul. The soul which we call heart is the seat of the Knowledge of God ...... It is difficult to understand it correctly; and it is not permissible to describe it ...... And it is not proper to reveal the soul's nature to anyone who has not trained himself fully in ascetic self-control ...... (Again) although the heart is a thing that is incapable of division, it can hold the entirety of Knowledge within it. In fact, the whole universe appears in it as a grain of dust in a big Sahara. And with its own effort and thought the heart travels from the Earth to the sky and from the East to the West in an instant ...... The heart is like a mirror, and 'Cosmic Consciousness' is like another mirror in which are imprinted the images of all things so that when a burnished mirror is placed before the other mirror it, too, reflects them all. In the same way when the heart becomes burnished it also clearly reflects all the images of things that are present in the 'Cosmic Consciousness'! ...... The secrets of the dispositions of all men are comprised in the knowledge of God ... .. And reason and

experience also have demonstrated that this matter is not peculiar to the prophets, inasmuch as they, too, are men . . . . . . If a man who has obtained access to the path calls the people to hear him . . . . . . and he teaches and instructs them . . . . he is called a *Paighambar* (prophet) . . . . but if he does not do so he is a *Wali* (illuminated seer) . . . . And all the (white) magic, wonder-working and miracle are the work of the wonderful soul of man . . . . The knowledge which ordinary men acquire with learning is acquired without labour by him who has reached that status . . . . And so long as the heart is not emptied of the wisdom learnt from the outside, it will not produce that knowledge which arises from within . . . . .

"The essence of the soul which we term heart, is unsullied and free from those qualities which can be pictured by the mind or imagination. This is because it is not concerned with quantity or enumeration and is not breakable into parts; and because it is far from measure, number and divisibility it is necessarily without 'colour' also . . . . . People wonder how anything can exist without a cause and a source, but they fail to realize that they themselves exist without them . . . . . And not withstanding that the soul cannot be attributed to any particular part of the body no bodily limb is unoccupied by it. Indeed, all the bodily organs are filled by the soul and are under its command; and

it is the king of all the functions ..... The nature of holiness and purity can be known fully only if the qualities and the mystery of the nature of the soul be clearly described; but it is not permissible to do so."

It is said in the Siraj-al-Salikeen:--

The tear-stained hem has become the cover over the Light of the Real:
How can there be a cloud that has not the sun behind it?
Heaven and Earth are unable to attain to thy infinitude;
My heart is the only thing that can hold thee!
Man who is about a plateful of dough in size,
Is above the heaven and the sun as regards the supremacy of rank!
He sees the Face of the Sun in the atom;
And in the drop the whole Sea!
If thou keepest thy sight unclouded by dust,
Thou shalt find the entirety of the Tigris in a drop!
Parts reveal the nature of the whole:
As the dawn testifies to the nature of the Sun!
He finds in his own heart a super-universe:
Which cannot be found even on a hundred speculations!
In his eye the heaven is like a piece of old dried-up leather:
Before his eyes unfolds a new world every moment!
When the graceful Soul is released from the body,
It will certainly receive from a hidden source an Eye!

Hundreds of thousands of mysteries will appear before it;
Whatever the eye of the Favourites perceives it will perceive also!
Our unproductive sciences are
But a bouquet or two from that Garden of Flowers!
Even these two or three bouquets are wretched stuff in themselves;
Because they have shut the door of that Garden on us!
For the love of bread the keys of that place
Are falling from our hands!

We have seen what Al Ghazzali says as to the undesirability of revealing the secret and the attributes of the soul. Maulana Rumi, too, says as to it:—

The hidden mysteries may be revealed to him alone
Who can sew up his lips against speech!
They seal and sew up the mouth of him
To whom they impart the secret of God!
O God where is the sharer of the secret?
So that the heart may relate what it has seen and heard!
Said that Beloved who raised the dignity of the spike:
"His fault was that he gave out the secret!"

This is related thus in the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

Shibli asked from the Majesty of God:

Why O Physician! thou sufferedst Mansur to be impaled?
Came the reply: Mansur was aware of the secret mystery of Being:
Whoever betrays the secret suffers like that!

Mansur had only stated publicly that he was God, that is to say, that his soul was God. We have seen in the first part of this book that every soul is, in regard to its essence and its qualities, a God. This, then, is the reason why it is not permissible to talk, in plain language, of the soul's nature. The unenlightened masses get excited when they hear that the soul is a God, and persecute the speaker and his companions. This is borne out by the fact that they impaled Mansur on the spike.

Bekhud says as regards this:—

Those who know are ever afraid of the ignorant mob:
Hast thou ever seen a full Moon without a shadow?
There is much danger, even the fear of death,
In betraying the secret of kings!
Alas! the seeing ones have no place in the Garden:
The narcissus has eyes but it is blind!

There is mention of one Harera in the Tohfat-al-Ashqueen who said:—

I learnt two things from the teacher O Friend!
I am telling thee one of them!
It is that apparent instruction
Which I am imparting to you!
If I were to touch on the other,

You would cut my throat, young men!
That is to say that it is the knowledge possessed by the 'Elect' of God:
And cannot be understood by any other person!
It is nothing if one is able to read the letters of the Book of instruction:
You cannot hope to succeed without guidance!
Whoever knows the apparent sense but not the real one,
Is the enemy of the Truth!

As to this the Maulana Rumi says as follows:
Which you can read in the Masnavi:
The logician's knowledge is the enemy of every seeker on the Path:
This is the belief of all the groups!

It has been stated in the Risale-i-Ramuz-al-Haqeeqat that 'it is madness to reveal the secrets of divine knowledge.' The account of the impalement of Mansur is given in detail in the Masnavi Behlol. The masses sought to kill him because he said that he was God The Caliph said to them:

I only know this that he is a man of God;
Free from infidelity, hatred and covetousness!

In the end Junaid was asked for a decree. Shibli saw Mansur finally.

Shibli then sat down before him and said:—
O man of God and devotee of the Lord,
Why didst thou reveal the secret of the mysteries?
Thou hast by that necessarily risked thy head!
Since thou hast revealed the secret,
It has become lawful to shed thy blood!

What Mansur said in reply will appear from the following verses :—

Then Mansur told him: O friend,
I have been immersed in a deep sea!
I am not Mansur; regard me not as Mansur;
From the standpoint of unity see me not far from God!
I am God; I am God; I am God;
I am free from pride, hatred and greed!

Men are instructed in the Seraj-al-Salikeen as follows :—

The imparting of the secret except to the initiate is not proper:
It no longer is a secret when poured into an atheistic ear!

This secret, that is to say, the tenet that the soul is God himself, is mostly revealed in a secret manner in religious books. It can only be understood with knowledge of the secret method of their interpretation. The apparent meaning of the words used is sufficient to mislead the unenlightened reader. For this very reason it has been said in the Seraj-al-Salikeen : —

Regard the word as thy body;
Its import is like the life within it!
The bodily eye is always looking at the body;
Life's Eye alone can see Life!
Similarly, as regards the letters of the Masnavi
Their forms are misleading; their import the true guide!
And the Prophet has said about the Qur'an

That it is a guide for some and an enemy of others!
O God, O God! when the knower uses the word wine
How can he be taken literally, since it is unlawful and would not be before him!
Thy understanding is like the wine of the Devil:
How canst thou understand the wine divine?

Al Ghazzali says: "After describing the matters of belief in respect of the Essence of God and the happenings on the Judgment Day, the Jawaher-al-Qur'an proceeds to show that there are two classes of these beliefs, one concerned with the knowledge of the apparent reasoning in support of them, without diving beneath the surface of words to understand their hidden sense, while the other busies itself in understanding the secret import of those beliefs, and to get to the kernel of their meaning, and the real reason for the employment of the apparent form."

Al Ghazzali again states in another place:

"These matters have an apparent sense which the public feed upon, and a hidden sense which is subtle, like nourishment for the 'Elect.'"

Why is it not permissible to talk of the soul and to describe its properties? The reason is that the masses of men have not enough tolerance to hear them, and they proceed to show violence to the knowers. Al Ghazzali says as to this:

"I have omitted to describe one secret of the soul-nature which is the real secret, because it is forbidden to talk of it, and everybody is unable to

hear it. And all the knowledge of God and of Resurrection turns on it. O dear friend, work hard so that by thine own effort and search thou canst discover it; for if thou hearest it described by another thou wilt be unable to bear it. Many who have had that divine quality described to them declined to believe it to be true, were unable to control their anger and denied that it could be possible When this is the case with men, how shalt thou be able to bear its enunciation?"

To cut a long argument short, the Rinds' love is for their own pure soul. Their intoxication is the manifestation of the soul's own innate joy; their heartache is due to their love for their own Self; and when perfected they enjoy the union with their own Being.

This should also be known, that all souls are alike in respect of their natural attributes Their differences are due to their being imprisoned in the flesh. Seers and prophets, too, do not enjoy any special privileges; their attainments can be attained by all other men. Al Ghazzali says as to this: "Prophetship is that faculty and aptitude which enables the acquisition of knowledge of those things which cannot be known by the senses and reason... . Belief in prophetship means that it is accepted, that it is a rank in which that eye is opened with which those hidden things can be perceived that are not knowable by reason, like colours not being perceivable by the ear.........Whoso has not tasted anything of the secret gnosis can never know the true sense of prophetship,

except that he knows the sound of the word .... Such is the case with the prophets (peace be unto them), because they acquire knowledge of subtle things by themselves, and without having learnt or heard it from anyone else.. ... This is called revelation. And when the prophet of Islam said that the Holy Ghost put this or that in his mind, he only meant this."—(From the Munquiz-min-azlal).

It is again said in the Seraj-al-Salikeen :—

Draw out the pad of speculation from thy ears,
So that the voice from heaven may enter into them !
Then the ear of Life will become the seat of Revelation for thee :
What is revelation ? It is knowledge from a hidden faculty !
When the Mirror of the Heart has become clear and burnished,
Thou shalt see (in it) ideas that are not of water and dust !
If the Grace of the Holy Ghost ever again assists humanity,
Others too will accomplish what the Christ did !

I have described the natural attributes of the soul in plain and clear language in my Gems of Islam. The reader should refer to it for study.

CHAPTER VI

IMPRSIONMENT IN THE BODY

The physical body is distinct and separate from the soul As to it Al Ghazzali tells us :—

"The body is not comprised in your essence or nature; therefore, the destruction of the body is not your destruction."

This body of matter is the enemy of the soul. It is the duty of the wise man to destroy it root and branch. Those who are able to annihilate the body are alone qualified to attain to immortal life. We have it from Hafiz:—

The Lover with his aching heart does not become the favourite
Till he attains to annihilation in his heart!
The alchemy of suffering in love
Will transform thy physical body into pure gold even if it were like lead!
The veil on the face of Life is composed of bodily dust,
It will be a happy moment when I am able to remove this veil!
It is not made clear why I came here and from where I came:
Alack and alas! that I am neglectful of my interests!

How can I enter into the World of Reality
Lashed as I am to the body?
Come and remove the life of Hafiz from before him!
For apart from thee none hear me if I say 'I am'!

Nyaz says :—

Veils of delusion had obscured my vision;
I have destroyed them and have seen the face of the Beloved!
The un-opened bud of the heart has bloomed into a flower;
Its bonds are gone!
Since fresh breezes began to blow on my garden!
I am intoxicated with the love of Life; I am a reckless 'crank'!
Freed from the bondage of the body, I am without beginning or end!
I am held in the bondage of my body and enchained by matter:
I have got my feet into a bog; thou art the only helper!
Get the scrubbing pad of love and remove the rust of the body;
Then behold the beauty of the Beloved in the mirror of Life!
If thou wishest to see God, give up thy life;
For that is the only obstacle before thee!
Burn up the tree of thy life with the fire of love;
For till thou art completely burnt up thou remainest blinded by smoke!

Bekhud has it:—

I was free: the desire for chains brought bondage vile:
It has served no purpose of mine if I have remained unaware of myself in this prison!
Had no dust blinded thine eye
Thou wouldst have seen the horseman at the back of this cloud of dust!
Seek not the lost Joseph outside thyself!
Thou shalt find his traces in the well of the heart!
Every moment there is the craving for release in my heart!
Enchainment in the body is now a prison for me!

Mir Dard thinks:—

There is hidden the vivacity of the lovely ones in every stone;
They are all cold, but they have fire in their hearts!
When I ascertained it, this noise about me and mine
Proved to be the result of the union of soul and body!

Ghalib has well said as to this:—

O Asad! hundreds of thousands of desires are locked up within it:
I have come to know my afflicted heart as a prison!

Bu Ali Shah has said in his Masnavi:—

This screening is from thy side, O screened-off one;
Without a screen is the Beloved otherwise!

Al Ghazzali says in his Keemiya-i-Sa'dat: "If we think of the human face and form we shall find it a heap of filth covered over with leather. If a man does not wash his body for two days such conditions will arise that he will be sick himself .. ... There is nothing more unclean than man, because his body is always full of filth and he is the carrier of filth"

The soul is held captive in this body of filth. It can attain to its natural state only when this captivity is brought to an end. It should be known that the captivity is of a chemical nature, which is tantamount to saying that the soul's condition has been altered by it. It is not only ignorant of its natural state and qualities, but is also deeply involved in delusion, so that it does not possess the capacity to apprehend and understand its essence It will also refuse to believe if told of its glorious nature.

In the Seraj-al-Salikeen we have it:—

The bodies are like covered cups:
Observe what is inside them carefully!
One may be filled with the Elixir of Life;
Another with deadly poison!
If thou directest thine eye towards its content, thou art King,
But deluded if thou love only the cup!
The body is like a rope on the feet of the soul;
It pulls it down to the earth from the sky!

Of semen is thy body made—
Of the filthy, unclean, stinking and impure semen!
If it touch anyone, it will make him unclean;
And he will have to wash and bathe himself before he can become clean again!
Unclean itself, it is able to make others unclean!
Everyone turns away from its filthiness!
And then its source, so vile O thoughtless man!
That everyone blushes to mention it!
How filthy and unsightly is that organ
Within which thou wast held for nine months?
Is there anything more unclean than the nourishment which thou hadst in the womb?
It is the dirty, unclean menstrual blood
Of which thy body is made!
Thy form is composed from the dough made
From the unclean menstrual blood and liqui semen!
Thy causation, my son!
Is from the sexual lust of thy father and mother!
How shameful is that deed itself?
One feels ashamed to talk of it!
Now examine the contents of thy body with care!
See what is hidden within it O my son!
Phlegm, filth, urine, pus, blood,
Bile, vomit and other unsightly things!
Flesh, fat, skin and muscle,
Each one more unclean than the other!
The king of Heaven is thy soul;

(But) owing to its desiring nature it is in the captivity of dust!
It has access upto the Ocean of Unity;
It will soar even beyond ambition!
The high heaven is its nest;
Under its command are the Firmament and the Sky!
It is diffused in the body
In the same way as the scent in a flower!
Because there is antagonism between them,
The body being gross and the soul the light of the eye:
Their mingling is unnatural;
And there is no reason for love between them!
Nafs (sensual desire) draws it towards baseness;
But the soul aspires for glorification!
Sensuality tends toward evil;
But Reason is the leader for good works!
Reason wishes thee to become an Angel;
Sensuality will make acrid salt of thee!
Reason wills thee to become the Light of the Eye;
Sensuality wishes thee to become blind and deaf!
Reason demands that thou shouldst be filled with the love of God;
Sensuality dotes on the world with its whole heart!
The pleasure-seeking will is a pest in the body:
It has brought millions of men to ruin!
Go against its wishes;
Automatically the Light of thy faith will shine brighter!

The source of misery is the vile body;
It inflicts suffering and sorrow on the living soul!
The soul is from God's World of Reality;
Divine Effulgence is manifest in its nature!
It is like the figure of enchantment in thy body;
Its essence is hidden, while its name is apparent!
If thou desirest that its power should become manifest
Destroy the body and set the soul free.
Thou shouldst also abhor thy life,
If thou wouldst be a participator of the mystery of the soul!
Be a man; pull down the curtain of the body;
Destroy this bondage O thou of little faith!
The bodily bondage is like a bridge: cross this bridge;
Pass on to the other side and see the green pastures that abound there!
This gross curtain is the cause of imperfection
Thou shalt remain debased while it is there!
It is because of the weakness of faith
That thou seekest what is not Truth!
If the love of Truth does not help thee
Thou must remain a prisoner with thy unruly will!
Every act of the will is depraved
It is base and deserves to be destroyed!

CHAPTER VII

THE WORLD

The world is antagonistic to the soul. It is perishable. The love of the perishable is unwise.

The following verses taken from the Masnavi of Maulana Rumi have a bearing on this point:—

The commodity in the market of this world is gold;
That for the hereafter is love and a pair of tear-filled eyes!
Whoever goes to the market without 'goods'
Wastes his life, turns back and is humiliated!
Whoever flies from this world goes in the direction of the other!
Separation from this becomes union with the next!

Hafiz says:—

Neither the life of Khizar (Mercury) has survived nor the great Alexander's empire:
Shed not tears for the base world, O Dervish!
Both the world and its business are vile:
I have proved this a thousand times!
There is no relying on the course of events in the world;
Nor even on the revolving sky (Time)!
O Hafiz! since the joy and sorrow of the world are passing things,

The best thing for me to do is to keep myself always at peace!
I thought that friends would be true to friendship's traditions;
It was a mistake to think that!
Daily we all demand from Providence improvement in things:
But the difficulty is that I see them all becoming worse!
Fools I see ever enjoy sweet and fragrant drinks;
The nourishment of the wise is the blood of their hearts!
The fine steed is lacerated under its burden:
I see the ass's neck decked with golden chains!
Daughters are ever fighting and quarrelling with their mothers;
I see that sons are evil-wishers of their fathers!
Brothers show no mercy in their dealings with one another;
I see no father showing affection to his son!
Hear O Master! the advice of Hafiz: Go, do good!
For this reason I see that this is better than the possession of pearls and jewels!
There is no relying on the smiles of Fortune:
Alas for him who is deluded by her wiles!
The World Bride may be exceedingly beautiful,
But there is no limit to her faithlessness!
Friends have broken the pact of comradeship,
As if they did not even know us!
Hear from me O aged seeker!
Place no reliance on the vagaries of Time!

For this is the region of pain and the home of suffering;
There is little happiness in this trap-like place!
It is madness to give the heart to it;
Its friendship is the parting from thyself!
If luck has not been kind, what of it?
If thou hast seen no happiness what of it, O my sorrowful heart?

Firdosi maintains:—

The world is a harvest, filled with colour and perfume;
Life and death are like irrigating water and I am its crop!
Know this, that whoever came to understand the world,
Built no pleasure-house in it!
Whoever bestows his heart on it,
Is regarded by the wise as one of the foolish!
The end of every living being is death;
Life itself is the counting of breaths!
Know this that the world is thine enemy;
Earth is thy bedding, the grave thy robe!
All are moving away, and the world is ephemeral:
Why, then, all this pain and grief and sadness?
Time is the club and I am the ball rolling in space;
I am affected by profit and loss!

In the Seraj-al-Salikeen we have it:—

Take care of thy moments for the world is momentary;
To the wise a moment is more precious than the world!

Sa'di says about the worldly man :—

At one time he is proud and deluded by prosperity;
At another broken and wounded by poverty!
Dost thou know that it was engraved on Solomon's ring:
Do not entangle thy heart in the world which has never been true to any man!
How canst thou escape from the lane of Death?
The graveyard shall be thy place of rest!
If thou bringest all the land of the world under thy control,
Do not be proud, for it will not stay with thee!
What pride canst thou show for wealth?
For after a few days the inheritance will be dissipated!
Men shall pull thee down from the throne into the wooden coffin,
Though thou possessest a thousand treasures and armies!
For years thou wilt have to sleep in a narrow grave;
Thy body will be nourishment for every insect and moth!
Even if thou art now like a flower in a garden-like world,
A thorn shall spring up from the dust above thy head!
Solicitude of friends cannot help thee;
Only good works will befriend thee then!

Khakani's ghazal is worth quoting in this connection :—

Many a lovely-eyed one has been deprived of sight by death!

Many a small-mouthed beauty lies with her mouth tied up in her shroud!
Many doctors of theology thou shalt find asleep in narrow graves:
And many beauties that had faces like the moon buried in dust!
If thou openest the lid of the coffins of kings
Thou shalt find just a couple of handfuls of bones within them!
The minister who held the keys of the treasury in his hand—
Today thou shalt find caravans of ants journeying in the sockets of his eyes!
When thou diggest a well to entrap the world in it,
Dost thou not fear that one day thou wilt fall into it thyself?
O gentle Khakani! why art thou making love to things in this world?
In the twinkling of an eye thou shalt not see this nor that!

Niazami has it:—

Why love the world; thou art here only for a few days?
When death will catch thee unawares, thou shalt be abashed!
Why art thou proud of thy silver and gold O girl-faced boy?
None of them will be of any service, however much thou mayest value them now!
Dost thou not think of that time when men shall lower thee into the grave?

All thy friends will come away from there; thou alone wilt remain in it!
Where is Adam, where Eve, where Joseph and where Moses?
Where is Job, son of Zakariah? What became of Noah of the Deluge fame?
Where is gone Abraham? and where Ishmael?
They have all been eaten up by the Earth! Thou thinkest that thou alone wouldst stay!
Where is now Jesus, son of Mary, that revived the dead?
Where is Solomon's glory and where his throne itself?
O Nizami! if thou knowest that the day of death will come,
Think of preparing for the Judgment; what is the point in telling stories?

Here are a few selected verses from the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

I have not found rest in this land of life;
I have bartered my days for a corner of a mausoleum!
Breath comes in by one door and passes out from another:
Life consists only of these two movements!
No one has ever accomplished the undertakings of the world:
Whatever you undertake let it be small!
Happiness in this world is never more lasting than a few days;

And in the end a sting is the only reward of handling a scorpion!
Abodes of desolation are the palaces of past kings,
The Cæsar in the grave is food for the insect world!
Yesterday there was the pomp and pageantry of a state procession and to-day is silence all round!
A spider is the arranger of curtains in the palace of Cæsar now!
An owl to-day plays on the hooter on the palace of Afrasyab!

In Bekhud's words:—

Imperfection characterises the affairs of the world everywhere;
Wise ones do not entertain imperfection in thought!
Everyone that is saturated with the wine of love
Lives in Truth, though he is dead to the world!
Every business and undertaking except His thought
Is useless and a burden on the heart!
O Bekhud! He is the chief of the Lovers
Who, like Mansur, has offered himself to be impaled (for the love of Truth)!
Know thy self! This is all the work there is to do!
Capture the hearts of men! This is the sport!
Know that the love of the world is deadly poison;
Kill thy unruly will! That is the Serpent!
Do not be attached to perishable nature!
God is enough of friends for thee!

The next three verses have been taken from the Dewan of Nyaz:—

There is no room for enchantment by the glamour of the world in him
Whose eyes are fixed on the glory of God!
There is no doubt of this, O my heart! this world is really a delusion, like an enchanted castle:
All that one hears about it is fiction, and all that is seen a dream!
In this inn of life I have spent one night:
The morning of nothingness has now dawned; I am moving on, come what may!

From Mir Dard we have the following verses:—

No one laughs in the world
Who does not shed tears afterwards!
From the blows of Time there is no heart
That has escaped uncrushed!
Every evening I find myself dark-horizoned, like dusk;
In the mornings I am torn up like the break of day!
Though I am alive my worries are consuming me,
Like rot eating into wood, night and day!
While there is life we remain involved in mental worries,
Like a wave we have fallen into a terrible whirlpool of restlessness!
Regard this world-panorama as a passing show O foolish man!
Once it is ended thou shalt not see it even in thy dreams!

Senescence has devastated the bodily empire,
Else my plans were of a very different kind in the days of youthful vigour!
Alas! I do not know where go all the people
That pass away night and day from my side!
Like the candle I came here with eyes full of tears;
Like it also I am departing with a tear-wet robe!
While there is being there is suffering:
Dreaded death pursues life all the time!
The world is the harlot who makes no exception in anyone's case;
Whomsoever one looks at will be found in the arms of the hag!
O Dard! I have pondered much over this matter:
It is a strange thing, the ledger of this world's accounts!
When I had no eyes I thought I saw everything;
Now that I have got my sight I find that there is nothing to see!
Youth is gone, even age is slipping from my grasp:
Where O Dard! is my life?
Someone else will relate my story tomorrow
I am telling it myself today!
What reliance can one place on (the breath of) life?
In a moment it expires!

Agha Hajo Sharf says:—

From dust it came, unto dust it has gone and is mingled with it:

Life was dust and has become dust by turning into
dust!

Rehan has it:—

Thou hast brought to ruin many a sitter on the
lowly earth:
I shall rejoice if thou, O Time! art ever reduced
to dust thyself.

Zafar thus exhorts men:—

Alas O careless ones! you are hopelessly thoughtless:
The journey is approaching, and there are no
provisions for the way!

Bismil thinks:—

Strangely queer is the state of the city of desolation
hereabouts:
The base are exalted here, and the great brought
low!
Queer of complexion have I found this colourful
world:
At times there is desolation in the midst of habitation
and at others habitation in the midst of
desolation!

Nazir says:—

Far from being the owner of these things, thou art
not even owner of thy self:
What delusion has taken hold of thee, O thoughtless
deluded man?
When thou canst make thyself out to be somebody
in relation to these things,
Then it will be open to thee to say:

This is mine; that is mine!
By God, O Nazir, the passing moment is a matter for rejoicing;
It is a resting house for a few breaths, after which we go our unknown ways!

The following are from the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

The morning of old age is the evening of life, O Mir!
Thou art still enmeshed in delusion, and the day is fast drawing to its end!
The mystery of the cry at birth becomes cleared up at death
It was a weeping in the very beginning for the end!
Only those men are alive who have killed themselves for Thy love;
The rest are merely dead, lying packed in graves!
A voice is heard coming eternally from the palace of the Beloved:
Only he can approach this court who will kill himself in love!
The grave smiles on the pompousness of the proud one!
'Here is a figure of dust who holds his head up to heaven!'
What is the life of suffering souls in this world?
Hundreds of afflictions and all to be borne by a single heart!
We get nothing but sorrow, disappointment and sadness from this world:

Let us shoulder the burden of life; it is best to pass out of here!
The heart is aching with pain; and we are forbidden to cry:
The house is blazing with fire and it is not permitted to extinguish the flames!
As a child I crawled on my knees; now I am bent about the neck:
It was the legs that were bent then, and now it is the head!
You should ask the lords of riches when in the agonies of death:
What are the things you have taken with you, and what those that you will leave behind?
What lovely ones have disappeared from before these eyes?
Whom can one weep for, and whose mourning observe?
When the teeth too are gone then what remedy is there against death?
O my heart! the game is about to be ended when the pieces have been taken away!
What reliance can there be on life?
Man is like a bubble of water!
This existence is like a bubble;
And this show a mirage!
Day dawns; evening comes:
This is how life goes to its end!
We have to go; there is no remaining here; and the going is hundred per cent certain:
Who would have her hair dressed for such a short-lived wedlock?

If a few of thy days have passed off pleasantly
That should not put thee off thy guard; for no one knows what will happen tomorrow!
There may be some who have realized their hopes;
I have had none of my wishes fulfilled by Old Time!
None of these master horsemen can retain his seat on it long:
How unseating is the prancing of the black and white steed, Night and Day!
There was the expectation of favour from thee, but thou hast proved thyself tyrannical;
I had taken thy heart to be soft like wax; but it is of stone!
I am old now; the graces of youth are no more:
It was the sunshine which is gone with the Sun!
I have examined this transitory inn from all sides:
I have found all things here subject to coming and going!
I have seen old age that comes but does not go;
I have seen youth that goes and does not return!
Strange by God O Anis! is this thoughtlessness:
The number of my days is on the decrease but my sins increase!
There is no relying even on a single breath;
As Ustad says, there is one condition now and it is changed the next moment!
O Nazir, I used to have a liking for a shroud at one time:
When I thought over it it appeared to be a foolish madness!

Those whose bodies were laid to rest in perfumes and scents
Were found on the opening of their graves
To possess neither a thread of the shroud nor a part of the body!

Ghalib says:—

Who O Asad! can rid thee of the sorrowfulness of life?
It is the nature of the candle to burn in one form or another till daybreak!
The heart is burning with rage as to why I was not burnt up once for all!
Alas! for the impotence of my fiery will!

Sa'di opines:—

A thousand times is a field of grass better than a barren plot;
Unfortunately, the horse does not hold the reins in its own hands!

From Bu Ali Shah Qalandar we have it:—

Dread the love of the world, O dread it!
For mere bread and pelf do not consume thy life's blood!

It is said in the Seraj-al-Salikeen:—

This world is a net, and wishes are the alluring corn;
Do not allow thyself to be attracted by the grains!
Do not waste thy time, get thee rid of the world;
Thou shalt have much cause to regret its association one day!

No trace has ever been found of anyone who has
  gone from this grove:
Breezes have not returned, nor is the dew seen
  here again!
In like manner, all the good things of the world
Are nice to look at from a distance, before they
  are tasted!
What looks like water from a distance
Is found to be a mirage when one approaches
  near!
A stinking hag is she (the world), and surpassing
  flatterer:
She decks herself like a youthful bride:
Take care! Do not be dazzled by her paint
Do not quaff from her poisoned cup!
Even if the whole world be filled with men and
  women
They will all be every moment suffering the pains
  of death and dying!
Do not expect her net to be a visible one:
Her gifts at first appear to be delightful!
When thou art once caught in the net,
Again and again shalt thou weep and lament!
An attractive female is this faithless world!
She is always luring her husband to herself!
She opens her bosom to let him come in,
But her heart is full of hypocrisy!
The world is (also) like a bridge;
It is best to go over it as quickly as one can!
He who stays to dwell on it
Is mad. There is no gainsaying this!
In truth, are the wife and the son one's enemies;

Though to outward seeming they are the joy of one's eye!
There is nothing to be gained by *men* from the continuance of the world;
They will not worry whether it exist or cease to exist!
No better than sorrow are its rejoicings:
No less than mourning is anyone's gain in it!

Mayil has described the world in language which is very forceful and is therefore quoted though not a Muslim. He says:—

What is this world? Simply a deceptive screen;
It is a rest-house; the traveller halts here just for a night!
When the white of the dawn gives the order to quit
Then the gongs and bells ring out the command: Move on O thou fool!
The thing on which thou layest is a coffin, not a bed!
Wake up, get ready for work; this is no home for thee!
What for dost thou seek wealth, greatness, position, pomp and pageantry?
Why the desire for kingship, the ambition to rule?
What for the love of comfort and luxury and high living?
Why the attachment to faithless ones of the world?
What thou seest is nothing more than a picture-show:
The mirror shows many things, but what is there in it that is fact?

Do not be ensnared by the wiles of the world
  on any account;
This garden is full of thorns: take care of thy
  robe.
See that thou art not lost in delusion, and do n
  forget thyself;
See that thou dost not become mad and become a
  sight for others to see.
Take care of thy robe against the thorns when
  walking in the park:
Be like the lily which dwells in water, and is yet
  untouched by it!
The world is a garden, and a beautiful one at
  that:
It will be proper to call it an alluring enchant-
  ment!
Here bloom flowers of various hues morning
  and evening;
But nowhere is seen the perfume of fidelity,
  the colour of love!
They bloom in the morning, and fade at
  evening:
Ponder well over it; they endure not even in
  name!
Many have spent their time in this halting *serai*
  in pleasure and pageantry:
But they are gone; even those who wore crowns
  on their heads left it empty-handed!
Death is inevitable: when their time came they
  passed away!
The great Alexander himself could not take any-
  thing with him when he left!

Neither the memory of the earth's pleasances nor the recollection of its joyful moments accom panies one in death;
Even kings carry nothing more than a couple of yards of cloth with them to the grave!

Zauk says:—

O Zauk! flee far from the world if thou be possessed of understanding!
There is no room for sensible men in this drunk-ards' den!

Here is what the Behr-al-Hakikat states on the subject:—

Such is the working of things in this perishable world:
It does not take one long to be beaten, and it does not take long to be crushed!
Man is subject to change every moment:
One moment may bring happiness, another sorrow!
At times we weep; at times we rejoice!
Thou shouldst not be moved by such joys and sorrows!
The good things of the world and its delights are altogether
Like a dream: pass thou beyond it!
There is no reality in the things seen in a dream:
Why dost thou dote on them so much and cry for them?
This Picture Gallery, the world, is full of paintings and portraits:
And thou art like an unweened baby in it!

The child is attracted by pictures;
He knows nothing of their merit, whether good or bad!
Thou shouldst live in the world
Like a traveller when travelling abroad!
He neither quarrels nor engages himself in wrangle with any man; nor is he moved by jealousy!
He cherishes no hatred, nor vengefulness; neither irritation nor enmity for anyone in his heart!
He does not worry over crops, nor is troubled on account of any building enterprise;
He just proceeds to his destination!
He carries only one thing at the back of his mind:
That he is there only for the passing moment!
If anyone persecutes thee,
Try to send him away pleased and satisfied!
In this dream of wakefulness thou art also out on a journey:
But thou art completely ignorant of this fact!
Take care: do not fall in love with the baseless world!
Thou art a traveller—this is thy true description!
What concern canst thou have with its governance?
Move on to thy destination with rapid pace!
Because of thy crooked wishes, O my son!
Thou art in love with gold and silver and rubies and pearls!
Say good-bye to this crooked nature of thine:
Renounce the world, attend to thy real business!
And if thou dost not renounce it willingly it will be snatched away from thee perforce:

The alternative is thyself against the narrow grave and its dust!
Thou seekest to erect a house on a rickety bridge:
Shame for thy understanding, O beguiled man!
When there will be a disturbance in the ocean of non-being,
Nothing will be left of the bridge, the house, the door and the river!
It is foolish to make a house for oneself on the top of a bridge:
A house should be a thing that has stability!
If thou art going to make a house, then make one
That will never be swept away into nothingness!
Such a house O thoughtless man! is thy grave:
But thou hast allowed it to fall into disrepair!
Do thou now employ those means
That will illuminate thy grave; and give up thy selfishness and pride!
The few days that thou hast had in this world—
Their significance is the reverse of what it is taken to be!
Having suffered harm and hurt beyond measure,
When thou camest forth from thy mother's womb,
Men thought that a child was born among them;
But the contrary is the truth!
Thy birth has meant the impregnation
Of the Mother Earth, on the day of its occurrence!
What is thy age?—her period of gestation:
And thy death agony shall be her labour pains!
When thou shalt depart from this world,—

That very moment shall be marked with thy birth
in the eternity of non-being!
Thy body is the womb of the soul:
They are parted from one another in the moment
of death!
When this grossness is cast aside,
What is left is the friendless soul and thyself!
Apart from thy goodness and thy truth and firmness in the proper faith,
Nothing else will be of any service to thee then!
Dead is Alexander the Great, so also Afrasiyab!
And where now is the wonderful goblet of the
illustrious Jamshed?
Where is Kaikhusro of noble descent?
Where the miser Qarun, and his lust for gold?
Read a requiem for those departed friends:
Take lesson from their lives!
The worldly man is intoxicated with the wine of
thoughtlessness:
Worse are these worshippers of the world than
idolaters!
The mother, the sister, the grandfather, the father,
Friends and brothers and even the son are gone—
Thou hast put them all under the earth,
Yet thou art still unawakened from thy profound
slumber!
Forget what thou didst in the darkness of night
Repent now that it is the dawn of thy old age!
The dawn has turned into bright daylight,
But thou art still snoring in deep slumber!
Friends, companions, comrades and sympathisers,
all

Are gone once for all before our time !
Friends, companions, associates—and those with whom we used to sing and chat—
All have gone to rest in the Garden of Eternity !

As Ghalib says:—

The steed of life is running; I wonder where it will stop :
My hand is not on its bridle, nor foot in the stirrup!

CHAPTER VIII

THE NAFS

The evil nature of the desiring mind, the nafs, has been fully described in my Gems of Islam. I shall only quote here from the writings of famous gnostics and highly placed poets

From the Masnavi of the Maulana Rumi we have it:—

> Whoever flees from here goes towards that world :
> Disunion here is tantamount to union there!
> Since the body is from the world of grossness,
> It draws all men towards food and slumber, indiscriminately !
> If it goes towards the world of baseness,
> It becomes the domineering will !
> But if towards the divine soul.
> It becomes enlightened and a guide !

Hafiz says :—

> I seek union and he tends toward disunion :
> I am made to give up my work so that the business of this friend of mine may prosper !
> If thou canst run far from the cravings of the nafs and pride,
> Without doubt, thou shalt find thy way into the palace where He can be seen !

Nyaz has it :—

> Evil in a thousand forms lies packed in the avowals of the nafs ;

To escape from its wiles and guiles and deceptions
is not an easy thing !

It is said in the Masnavi of Shah Bu Ali Qalandar:—
If thou wouldst become pure gold from the morsel
of lust that thou art now,
Make thy nafs thy prisoner by the grace of God !

The great gnostic Farid-ul-Din Attar thus delivers himself as to this:—
If thou wishest to become rich in thy life,
Keep thy will far from desire !

Another gnostic says :—
What for do men become slaves of their base nafs ?
I do not know why they worship a dog like that !

Bekhud thinks :—
So long as my unruly will is not brought under
my control,
I shall have no rest even for a moment in the
world !
So long as my soul is not freed from desire,
My life cannot seek purity with eagerness !
The fear of impurity is the cause of pain :
Be thou purified, to be free of fear !
Pleasure and pain are twins in this world ;
He enjoys happiness who goes through voluntary
suffering !

In the Rehbar-i-Haq it is said :—
Nafs is the rebellious idolater ; and lawful is the
killing of idolaters :
If a man dies without having killed his nafs, he is
only a dead carcass !

If thou seekest eternal life twist the neck of thy nafs!
Because there is no greater enemy of the faithful man than nafs!

It is said in the Besarnama:—

Whoever is held tight in the bonds of his nafs
Remains, like an infidel, far from the path of Truth!

In the Masnavi of Shah Bu Ali Qalandar we have it:—

How long wilt thou keep away from thy home?
How long wilt thou go abegging from door to door, O shameless man?
Wrestle with thy will so that thou shouldst become just;
Be fair that thou shouldst have a noble heart!

In the Masnavi Behlol the exhortation runs as follows:—

Lay hold on Love, and burn up thy will,
So that the darkness of night is turned into the blaze of the day!

And Bekhud has it:—

Know thyself, this is all the work!
Conquer men's hearts, this is all the sport!
Regard the love of the world as a deadly poison;
Kill thy turbulent will for that is the serpent!
Put not thy heart into perishable nature, that is like a scaffolding for a gibbet,
Avoid strangers, and that is all the friend thou needest for thyself!

Al Ghazzali has said in the Keemiya-i-Sa'adat: "It is not possible that a man can enter water and not get wet. In the same manner it is not possible that a man may go into the affairs of the world and remain unsullied . . . . . O dear friend! thou shouldst know this, that the world is the most puzzling of all puzzling things, and that its love is the root of all sin. And what can be more evil than that which is the enemy of God, the enemy of his friends, and also the enemy of his enemies?"

Bu Ali Shah Qalandar again has it:—

O thou who art held in the imprisonment of the will!
Kill the infidel; destroy the cage!

Shamsh of Tabrez says:—

The heads of the sensual cravings that constitute the nafs should be cut off!
Submission to Truth which is the nature of the Heart should be practised!

CHAPTER IX

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ACTIONS

All actions have an effect. Destiny is but another name for their effect. When destiny is unprofiting, the intellect becomes perverse of itself. Many people have erred in regard to the problem of destiny and effort. The fact is that effort only succeeds when destiny is favourable. In reality, the intellect itself is acquired only from the excellence of destiny; otherwise there would be no reason for the existence of fools. Thus those who are in luck find a good opportunity for developing the intellect and of benefiting from its use, while those whose destiny is unfavourable do not acquire a keen intellect.

Al Ghazzali says as to this:—

"Men are found acting like the blind. When the blind learn that an elephant has come to their place they desire to see it, and think that they will be able to perceive it with their hands. They feel it with their hands, one touching its ear, another its leg, and yet another its tusk. These men return to their companions who ask them for a description of the elephant. The man who has touched the foot says that the elephant is like a column; he who has touched its tusk describes it as being like

a club; and the third man who has felt its ear opines that it is like a blanket. Now these men are certainly right for an obvious reason; but clearly they are wrong, because they imagine that their description covers the whole elephant."

The following verses have an interesting bearing on the question of the antagonism between destiny and effort.

The good one enjoys is not because of the strength of one's arm:
It has to be a gift from Providence!
He has written my destiny with his own hand:
He writes well and cannot have written ill!
This saying should be written in letters of gold:
The whole world may be brought to nought, but it is not possible to override destiny!
What can a relation do? What can one gain by appealing to another?
Each has to work out his own destiny!
If anyone asks for an explanation of my behaviour,
I shall refer him to the writing in the Book of Destiny!
See O Fani! It might be the corpse of thy effort:
Destiny is carrying a coffin on its back!
Luck bestows more than what is acquired by learned men
On those who possess nothing of learning, only ignorance!
I was overwhelmed with the disfavour of destiny, else

The Beloved did not have the usage of cruelty
 nor the cult of harassing!
On the day of the beginning they allotted me
 nothing but 'drunkenness' (of a rind):
Whatever allotment was made it cannot be added
 to or subtracted from!
Neither the design of intoxication nor of temperance is within the control of thee or me!
I have done what the eternal master told me to
 do!
It is not possible to be rid of the sorrow of non-union with the Beloved:
As my destiny shaped it that way, what could
 I do?
When better days, O dear friends! have come to
 me,
They will themselves show me the way to a union
 with her!
Since none but the knower of hidden things
 possesses their knowledge,
Kill not thyself to-day in worrying over the
 morrow!
The one who directs my affairs will look after
 them:
If I meddle with them it will only harm
 me!
Do not regard thy skill as thy means of livelihood:
That too is an instance of Providence's work as
 the provider of food!
If he grant not the understanding nor the
 penetrating intellect,

What shall skill avail me?
Whence have I come? whence non-union? whence the attendant sorrow?
(We are together simply). Because my mother gave birth to me expressly for suffering!
When good luck turns away from a man, what shall he profit from learning?
That was the writing of destiny and events have only come about in accordance with it!

It is further said in the Behr-al-Haqeeqat:—

It is the working of the decree of destiny
If thou hold evil to be a good thing!
That which is even more worthless than a piece of pottery,
Thy destiny may make it appear like a jewel to thee!
If it be uglier than a female ass
It will appear more charming than a *houri* to thee!
What surpasses the deadliest poison itself
Will seem the veritable Elixir of Life to thee!
What will cut thy stomach to bits
Thou shalt eat as *halwa* (sweets)!
When death overwhelm thee
Thou shalt jump into the mouth of a boa constrictor!
Death is an inevitable necessity, and when it appears
Thou shalt cut thine own throat with a dagger!
Whatever thou seest here is the working of Destiny:

Thou art like mere clay O Blessed man!
What thou regardest as works of worship
Are chains of iron for thee!
If thou wilt rely on destiny
No sorrow shall touch thy heart!
Whatever good or evil anyone does to thee,—
Treat it as coming from Providence!

Actions certainly bear their fruit, good or evil, whatever it may be
No drop of evil done by thee but the same shall cause thee suffering:
And there is no particle of the good that shall go unrewarded!
There are many knights here who shall be pulled down from their steeds there!
And many that are trudging on foot shall be given horses to ride!
Many an emir here will become a slave in the hereafter!
Many prisoners of this world will become entitled to levy tribute in the next!
Many a leader of religion, and hypocritical guide of this world
Will be humiliated on the day of reward and punishment!
Why dost thou not consider for a moment the liabilities of the final day?
For the condition of the heedless will indeed be a terrible one!
Thou seekest paradise, and refrainest not from sin!
Heaven is the abode of saints alone!

The above are from Sa'di. In the Kitab al Badayeh, too, it is said :—

> When I shall lift up my head from the dust of the grave in resurrection
> The marks of madness made by thy love will be found on the robe of my Life!

The Seraj-al-Salikeen tells us :—

> For hundreds of thousands of years I floated in the atmosphere, helplessly,
> Like a particle of dust in the air!
> If I have forgotten what I then thought or did
> (It is not surprising) : in dreams, too, I do things that I forget afterwards!

We have it in the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat :—

> "In regard to resurrection, it is not necessary to restore the old body; because, the body is the mount. If the horse is changed, the rider remains the same .... Utter annihilation of the dead is nowhere mentioned in the scripture; but it is mentioned that the disposition is modified, the house is changed!"

According to the Seraj-al-Salikeen :—

> "All one's deeds, whether good or bad, leave their characteristic mark on the soul. From its meritorious deeds happiness accrues to the soul; from evil ones filth and corruption enter into it."

Disposition or temperament is the product of the marks made on the soul by its actions. Temperament is being modified every moment; disposition

is forming every instant. Destiny is the name given to this very same disposition. To all outward appearances man is free and independent; in reality, he is a slave to his disposition or nature. He likes only that which is agreeable to his temperament, whether it be true or false, beneficial or harmful. Intelligence as well as the acquisition and excellence of the intellect also depend on the excellence of the disposition. Intellect itself is helpless before the impetuosity of the temperament. At times man does what is wrong deliberately, with his eyes open; and then regrets having done it. Often the evil act is committed repeatedly, in defiance of the intellect. No attention is paid to its protests. Only those whose star is in the ascendant develop a sane intellect; and they alone possess the capacity to benefit by its guidance. It is not the teaching of Islam that man should abandon himself to destiny and refrain from action altogether. But it says this that he should exert himself to the fullest extent to root out the seed of evil from his heart and to obtain salvation. He is required to show confidence in Life when dealing with matters pertaining to the world and to give thanks for whatever is obtained in this transitory state. What is meant is that he should encourage nothing else but peacefulness, confidence and and contentment, and none of the evil attributes to develop in his heart. And he should not allow the fire of desire to blaze up within him but should put it out altogether. This is certainly

not doing nothing nor idleness, but the hardest type of work. It is acquiring a grip on one's ego to curb its evil nature, not running from place to place as a slave to desires. It is said in the Behr-al-Haqeeqat:—

From the actions that a person performs a stain
Is at once produced in the soul!
This stain shows itself after death
When it either affects the beauty or the grace of the soul!
The exhibition of the beautiful element discloses the path to Paradise;
The absence of grace is the harbinger of sorrow and hell!
In very truth, the elements of the invisible soul
Are themselves heaven and hell, O my friend!
The living soul and the vile *nafs*
Both have forms invisible to us!
In the invisible core of things
There is present the form of every element!
When a new body is formed after death
The living soul becomes active!
Their union will again cause affliction to them both,
Implying limitation, suffering and sorrow unlimited!
Thou shouldst do the things that produce the hue
Which will mean no suffering for thee!
There should be such beauty and grace in the Essence of the soul

That will bring happiness to thee, O blessed one!
Thy disposition is sensual in nature, O unenlightened man!
From it are produced two sons and a daughter!
Whatever thy attributes, whether good or bad,—
They will take hold of thee after death, as children lay hold on their fathers!
The quality which will be found predominant in thy disposition
Will determine thy future for thee!
The two sons are the intellect and the Self!
The *nafs* is deemed to be the daughter!
Infidelity, sin and vengefulness, collectively,
Will constitute hell for thee!
Whatever doubts and misgivings thou hast in thy heart
Will then assume different forms, that may be good or bad!
They will cling to thee like so many serpents, ants, scorpions and iron chains,
And bite thee like a poisonous reptile!
All the evil traits
From which harm has accrued to men,
Will become fetters, handcuffs and iron chains,
And will hold the doers of evil in captivity!
Thy deeds are like seeds that sprout and put on leaves with rain, O youth!
They will germinate in the life after death!
The good deeds that thou performest now, O good man!
Will be like fruit-laden boughs on the trees in Paradise!

Thy charity and generosity will be the canals of the celestial waters in the heaven!
Thy rosary, recitation and prayer, O brother! are roses, jasmines and hyacinths;
Thy doctrine, the light of thy heart and thy unwavering belief will mean heaven in the day of triumph of the Creed!

Whatever thy actions in this world—

Thy paradise will be in accordance with them!
Do not look upon thy deeds as of no consequence!
Examine them well; do not be deceived!

In the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat it is said:—

"If it is not from eternity, it (man's life) will certainly continue to eternity; and although his body is of clay, that is of no value, the essence of his soul is divine and invaluable. And its disposition is freed from dross and becomes fit for the companionship of the Divine Court after passing through the crucible of 'hardships', though before it had the qualities of brutes and beasts and was associated with impurity. From the lowest to the highest all the ups and downs of the soul are caused by it. The lowest of it is this, that it should fall in the condition of beasts and brutes and demoniacal beings and be seized by desire and anger...... Though men are alike outwardly, the secret of this will be perceived when they rise up, when their exterior will be like their interior. Those who are dominated by lust and greed, will be seen by

people in the form of a pig; and the shape of those that are swayed by anger will be like that of a wolf or a dog ..... And know for certain that by every action thou performest a quality (change) will be produced in the heart and after death will be thy companion. Such qualities are called character. All the qualities of character are subject to four rulers. If thou subject thyself to the pig of greed, depravity, shamelessness, covetousness, flattery, begging, rejoicing in back-biting will be produced. But if thon keepest that pig under control, then contentment, modesty, temperance, thoughtfulness, holiness, humility, greedlessness will appear. If thou art a slave to the dog anger, quarrelsomeness, impurity, boasting, pride, superciliousness, self-praise, belittling and humiliating others will flow from it. If thou keepest the dog under control, patience, forbearance, forgiveness, steadfastness, courage, honour, respectability will be produced. And if thou followest the fiend whose business is to excite the pig and the dog and to make people deceitful, then deception, defrauding, forgery, trickery, dissimulation, pretending will be born. But if thou overpowerest the fiend, art not misled by him and wilt help the forces of Reason, then wisdom, understanding, knowledge, excellence, nobility, greatness will arise .... These will become the seeds of happiness for thee. Those actions which produce bad qualities are called sin, while those which produce good

character are termed devotion. Men's hearts are full of one or the other of the qualities described above. The heart is like a polished mirror and bad qualities are like smoke and darkness. When they reach the heart they make him blind, so that he is not able to see God in the day of resurrection .... After every evil deed perform a good act, because goodness eradicates evil ..... In the beginning the heart of man is like steel from which a mirror is made. The whole universe may be seen in it if thou keep it bright, else it becomes so rusty that thou canst see nothing in it .... If a man takes to asceticism, frees his will from desire and anger and purges it of evil, stays in unfrequented places, closing his eyes, subduing the senses and filling his mind with thoughts of the spirit, so that his heart, and not only his lips, ever remains engaged in uttering the name of God, and if he loses all interest in the things of the world, but is filled inwardly with the Divine image, the window of his heart will then remain open even in the waking state, and what others might see in a vision he will perceive in the wakeful state. The souls of angels will become visible to him in clear fashion. He will begin to see the prophets, and shall receive much advice and guidance from them. The estates of heaven and earth will become visible to him. Whoever finds his way to this state will observe strange things and grand spectacles that are beyond words....... All the wisdom of the prophets

was acquired in this way, and not through the senses, nor learning. And the foundation of all was asceticism and the suffering of hardships. As God has said, detach thyself from everyone and everything, and leave all in the hands of God. Engage not thyself in the management of the world; for God does everything well . . . . All this teaching of asceticism and the suffering of hardships is to free the heart of enmity, the love of the world and the enjoyment of its good things through the senses . . . . . The Gnostics are right when they say that if thou remainest engaged in the objects of the senses and dwellest upon their sensations then this indulgence will become as a curtain and covering on the soul. And the heart is like a pond [with a choked-up spring] and the senses are the five channels through which water is pouring into it from outside. If thou desirest that the spring from under the surface of the pond should give pure water. . . . remove the mud. . . . . close the channels themselves and dig out the hidden spring to get pure water from it. So long as the pond is full of water from the outside, it will not be possible to get the water of the spring from within. In the same way, so long as the heart is not purified of the knowledge of the associations of the world, the knowledge which arises from inside cannot come out . . . . . The joy of God-realization, which is related to the heart, becomes doubled by dying, because the heart does not die but becomes more

illuminated, and faith is stabilized. This joy is twice as stirring in the way of peace as was the pain caused by the desire in the opposite direction. Devotion in peace is possible only when man breaks his connection with desire, and this happens only when he gives up sinning. Thus, refraining from sinning is the cause of peace of mind .... To be devoted to anything other than God is the cause of man's death . ..
"The serpents which will torment the souls of the infidels exist within them, not outside where anybody could see them. In reality, they were already within him before his death, although he was ignorant of their presence .... These monsters are constituted by his evil attributes; and the number of their heads is the number of the sub-divisions of the evil traits in his character Love of the world is the seed of the serpent .... Only so many heads appear in the monster as is the number of evil tendencies produced by love of the world in an infidel, such as envy, vengefulness, deceit, untruthfulness, pride, greed, cunning, defrauding, love of pomp and power. One can understand the origin of the serpents and the manifoldness of their heads with intellectual light Their enumeration is to be known from the light of prophetship, bearing in mind the fact that there are as many heads as there are evil traits of character in an individual ..... The cause of this is not that the infidel is unaware of God and the prophet; but only this, that he has made himself over to the

world completely ..... Had these serpents come from the outside, as men imagine, it would have been much better for the tormented one; for he could then sometimes hope to escape from them for a moment But since they live within him they are actually his own evil attributes. How, then, can the infidel have any peace from them? For instance, if a person sells off his female slave and then falls in love with her, the serpent that will sting him will be his love for the slave girl which is in his heart and hidden there ..... Such men will undergo torment for a long period of time. Later on when a long time will have elapsed since their death and the love of the world has been eradicated, the true love of God which lies hidden within their hearts will assert itself once more .... Ascetics will reach heaven five hundred years before rich men ..... No one is sinless."

In his book entitled the Minfaz-al-zalal Al Ghazzali writes:—

"From all actions, good or bad, an effect either beneficial or harmful is produced on the soul. From good deeds happiness results and from bad ones dirt and filth enter into it ...... When a man commits a bad deed, in that same moment his soul is affected by it. This is what is called punishment. Suppose a man commits theft, then simultaneously with the commission of the act of theft a characteristic evil effect is produced in his soul. Now he may or may not be

arrested and punished, but his heart has become stained with sin, and the stain cannot be rubbed off in any way."

But it can be washed away with repentance. Dard says as to this:—

My time O Dard! is now spent in this wise:
In weeping, and lying silently alone!
A wonderful steed is repentance
It leaps over the firmament in a moment!
Thou shouldst guard this steed, lest
The thief who stole thy tunic once
Also steals it away! Keep it with thee always!

And Bekhud adds:—

To justify a fault, O Bekhud! is worse than the deed itself:
I have even made confession for uncommitted deeds!

Concerning Women

There is a difference between men and women in regard to salvation. Maulana Rumi says:—
All the evil seen in the homes of men
Is caused by the wickedness of woman!

According to Firdosi:—

Woman and serpent had better be buried underground:
The world will be a better place when both these vile creatures are gone from it!

It is said in the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat:—

"Evil is the nature of women ..... Their being is like that of the rebellious *nafs* (will). If a man give her any liberty (leave her to herself) she will become unmanageable and pass out of control altogether. In short, there is a weakness in woman .... and also crookedness ..... In the sacred tradition she is likened to a bone of the rib which will break if one tries to straighten it out."

Subtle daintiness is the essence of the female heart. Her natural meandering is beauty's grace which seeks to introduce charm into complexity. Some women are the embodiment of purity and virtue. They do not possess sufficient endurance to bear the hardship requisite to the attainment of Salvation. It is not very likely that a woman can remain cool when faced with a desperate situation in the extreme. In other matters women are equal to men; they even excel men at times in respect of good manners and household management.

Women also become entitled to obtain salva tion when they have decked themselves with the Jewels of Faith, Knowledge, and Conduct of the right sort But there is no salvation from the female form Right faith will first of all endow a woman with the male form after death, when she will be able to obtain salvation.

CHAPTER X

THE PATH

The slaying of the *nafs* is not an easy matter. The World itself takes the field on the side of *nafs* against the soul and snatches away from it (the soul) its qualities of patience, ambition and high-mindedness, with the aid of its silver-bodied, elegant and graceful sirens and nymphs. Some seekers fall a prey to their own hasty temperament, undertake to suffer unbearable hardships at the very outset, and failing to bear them leave the Path and become entangled in the world once more. For this reason it is very desirable to follow a guide on the path. But the guide should be a perfect one, else he would misdirect himself and his followers also. The pupil, too, should be a properly qualified one. Understanding, keenness of intellect and forbearance are qualities without which no one is considered qualified to tread the path. Mir Dard has said as to this :—

What benefit can accrue to the unworthy from an imitation of good men?
Water does not become a pearl merely by getting frozen up as a hailstone!

The following verses are worth quoting in this connection :—

The seeker annihilates himself in the Essence of Truth:

If he is not wiped out, he will never be a Knower!
How can an *arif* (knower) entertain a thought of the world?
He has no thought even for himself!

These are from Ghalib. It is said in the Tohfat-al-Ashkeen:—

Be a companion of the moth that thou mayest learn how to get burnt up!
Associate with those who have burnt themselves up; perchance thou mayest learn!
All the filth that there may be on the earth,
Becomes purified by the light of the sun!
More powerful than the sun in the sky O my son!
Is the Sun of Truth!
That only burns up the external filth;
This, the internal evil!
Apply to thine eyes the dust from the feet of that King of the Beloved, O Alchemist;
Then wherever thou turnest thy gaze there will be produced heaps of the powder that transforms base metals into gold!

Hafiz says:—

Set not thy foot on the path of love except under proper guidance,
For everyone that entered on it without a guide was lost!
O Khizr (Mercury)! do thou be a helper of the broken me!
For I am travelling on foot and my companions are mounted on horses!

If thou entertain the love of union O Hafiz!
Thou shouldst become the dust at the door of the Seeing Ones!
Do not traverse this path except with a leader!
It is the continent of darkness: take care lest thou art lost therein!

The Seraj-al-Salikeen has it:—

Find a Leader, that thou mayest know the way!
How else canst thou distinguish between a *rah* (way) and a *chah* (well)?
But do not regard every misguided one as a true companion!
Do not look upon ignorant and deluded ones as enlightened!
What is the way? Treading on the footprints (of the Perfect Ones)!
What is the companion? A ladder for climbing up!

If the search is adequate and the desire to obtain salvation strong, a guide usually comes forth spontaneously. One verse from the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat will be sufficient to describe true guides.

If they open their eyes in all casualness
They transform an ass into a saint and a fly into a *huma*, the bird of good omen!

According to the Behr-al-Haqeeqat:—

Untold wealth is in adherence to the leaders:
O young man! walk in their footsteps!
The dust of the feet of the Perfect Ones
Is the salve for the eye of dear seekers!

A wonderful potion is the companionship of the Perfect Ones:
It will turn the black copper of thy being into gold!
Thy heart is like black copper!
Transform it into gold in the company of the Guide!
The guide is the burnisher of the mirror of life:
A colyrium for the eye is the dust of the knowers' feet!
Do not be misled by the orange-coloured garb of a man.
Examine the heart within, O man of faith!
Do not pay heed to the external paint;
Search always for the paint in the heart!

The seeker should first of all strengthen his faith by properly grasping the essentials; because in the absence of strong faith one is liable to be frightened by the severity of asceticism.

Faith

None but the faithful can find the way to that path;
None but a lover can penetrate into that street!
Saintly life is very difficult to follow:
Belief is needed as sustenance for the heart on the Path!
Many have gone astray in this valley
Who did not carry the provision of belief with them!

Since the way is long and the goal very far
Make belief thy provision, for the sake of God!

The above are from the Margub-al-Qalub. The following are from the Tohfat-al-Ashkeen:—

First of all fix the tenets of belief properly,
Thereafter apply thyself to the practising of thy faith!
For if there is a flaw in the essentials of a man's faith,
He is necessarily far from the Doctrine of Truth!

According to the Behr-al-Haqeeqat:—

Firmness and faith thou shouldst have in thy heart
So that they may bear fruit on the final day!
Keep the faith in thy heart active,
That thou mayst realize thy ambition on that day!
If thy convictions are unsteady because of the world,
Then thy actions are all wrong—
Whatever they be, whether fasting day and night, prayers,
Or pilgrimage to the Ca'ba, a vigil or charity!

Knowledge

Al Ghazzali has stated: "If a person does not reach God, it is because he does not proceed on the path; and he does not proceed on the path because he does not wish to do so; and he

does not wish to do so because he has not known, and has not got firm faith . . . . "

When faith becomes firm, at the same time knowledge becomes right knowledge; because faith is placed only in what has been made clear by knowledge. If this knowledge is faulty, faith too, will be faulty; if proper, that too will be proper. Hence when faith is born with proper elucidation of the points of merit, the knowledge of Truth will necessarily travel with it. However, one should always try to expand one's knowledge, so that the elements of belief may be fixed more firmly still. The Gnostics have said :—

One should burn, like a candle to acquire knowledge,
For the ignorant cannot understand God!

This was from Sa'di

Our next two verses are from the Seraj-ul-Salikeen.

If thou wouldst break through the spell of ignorance, then acquire wisdom;
This delusion can be overcome by the advisory tablet of the Scripture!
Knowledge is an ocean, shoreless and vast,
The pupil should be an ocean-diver!

Conduct

After the fixing of the tenets of faith and the points of the doctrine, that is knowledge, there is need for conduct, that is practising, since none of the desired results is attainable without action.

Whoever has not quaffed the wine of true unity,
And devoured not the rissoles of his infidel will—
He may be a *pir* (leader) or a man of matchless learning—
Woe unto him! for he is without *amal* (action)!
He who is deluded is dead, O young man!
He who is devoted to action is undoubtedly alive!

These are from the Tohfat-ul-Ashqeen. We have it from Sa'di:—

The more wisdom thou acquirest,
If thou art without action thou art still ignorant!
Such a man is neither a critic nor a philosopher;
He is like a beast, carrying books on his back!
Does the empty-headed brute know
Whether he is carrying wood or knowledge on his back?
A man of action may be troubled in his circumstances,
He is still better than he who has learning but not self-control!
For this one lost the way because he had no eyes;
But the other one had eyes and yet fell into a well!
Give him no loan who is without *numaz* (prayer),
Though his mouth be open with privation!
Who does not discharge the debt of God,
Will not trouble himself over the repayment of thy loan either!

In the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat it is said:—

"Knowledge and practice are in the world, and are not of the world, because they go with man to the hereafter. Knowledge obviously accompanies man, and practice goes with him in the shape of result, though not obviously. There are two effects of (right) action. Firstly, the purity and brightness of the Pearl of the Heart which are obtained by the renunciation of evil, and secondly, the love of meditation on God which arises from constant devotion."

In the Behr-ul-Haqeeqat it is said:—

If thou hast acquired knowledge, live up to it,
Else it is but a net of hypocrisy for deceiving humanity!
It is knowledge only when it gives thee warning;
When death remains every moment before thine eye!
If thou rememberest death every moment,
How canst thou then commit evil and sin, and trouble for anyone?
Death is the destroyer of the roots of all sense-cravings:
Bear it in mind every moment, O good man!
Those who are ever afraid of death—
How can they act against the Law?
Men of God are ever solicitous for Death:
Death is joyful life to them!
The soul is in the grave bondage of the body—
These men know the body to be worthless!
They are always, night and day, breaking through the bonds of the flesh!

They do not wish their souls to be in its bondage!
Death is annihilation of the self while alive;
Such annihilation is the envy of a hundred Eternities!
God-intoxicated men desire death:
Eternal Life is the dissolution of the body!
Should the love of the world overpower thy religious quest,
That then is thy religion, O misinformed man!
Thou regardest thyself a true believer;
Thou art hundreds of thousands of kosses from it!

Note.—A koss is equal to two miles ordinarily.

What is the Meezan (Scales of Justice)? What the Bridge Serat?
They are the symbols of Faith in the heart!
If thy faith is active, O brother!
Thou shalt pass over it (the Bridge) like the morning breeze!
If thy practice is proper, O youthful one!
Take it for a fact that it will tip the scale in thy favour!
The scale will be heavy with the weight of its load
Though thou appearedst lowly before all men!
That action is found successful at the weighing of merits,
All except God are unaware of which!
If charity and help are only given for the sake of a name,
They will bring no good to one in the hereafter!
Thou shouldst strengthen the principles of thy faith properly;

Do not waste thy breath on visible observances!
Men are worshippers of outward deeds:
It is the men of the Heart who are intoxicated with the wine of the hidden Essence!
From external actions bodily purification may be attained;
From internal ones the heart is ennobled!
Only the condition of the heart is of any consequence there (in the hereafter);
Those who have relied on external actions are brought low there!
Burnish thy heart a little,
That the Light of Truth may be reflected from it!
The tablet of the heart is darkened by the rust of sin:
What polishes it is the recitation La-Ilaha (None except God)!
There is such dazzling brightness in the radiance of the heart
That its effulgence is seen shining over heavens!
When thou hast renounced the pleasures of the base world
Thou shalt perceive that pure Light!
Does he who is beautiful and elegant
Ever attach himself to an ugly one?
The beautiful one looks out for beauty and grace:
Thou too shouldst make thy soul like the perfect Moon!
If there is nothing in common between thee and the Beloved
How canst thou ever become a companion of Hers?

Make thyself worthy of Her companionship!
Thy Heart's Attraction will then want thee Herself!
Shame on thee! With this ugly face and dirty complexion
Thou desirest to enter the Court of the Sovereign!
With thy baseness and vile deeds
Desirest thou to be threaded together with the dainty One!
With thy deeds of deception and dissimulation and hypocrisy
Thou art fit only for the company of a devil!
What art thou and what that pure Light?
Ponder a little over this, O unwise youth!
Annihilate thyself on the path!
Such annihilation will be the envy of a thousand eternities!
Offer thy life and wealth—everything, in short—to the Lovely One;
Paint thy complexion with the blood of thy heart!
Those who know the mysteries, seek only the Essence of the Self:
They have no interest in anything other than Truth!
They esteem the body as less than dust in value;
They tear up this garment, the body, strip by strip!
They have no thought for raiment nor anxiety for food;
No longing for gaiety nor craving for perfumes!
Why dost thou admit anything other than Truth in the palace of thy heart?

Why draw the line of falsehood across the page of Life?
Knowing me to be her Lover, that Beloved One says unto me:
You have had enough of kingship, take now to possessionlessness!
O Mashafi! How can I call myself lightly loaded?
I have not yet thrown off the burden of existence from my head!
Now that thou lovest Her, go on loving Her!
If the pain be unbearable, thou mayest groan!
O my Heart! Now that thou hast uttered the word Love
Thou must in every possible manner live up to it!

Conduct really only consists in one rule of practice, namely, to become stabilized in one's own Soul, and not to look at the world outside. But this is such a difficult observance that even the greatest of gnostics are unable to carry it out. With a view to rendering its practice easier, the Perfect Ones have divided the Path, that is, Right Action, into two parts. The first part is intended for the laymen, beginners, so that they may continue to live in the world and yet control their actions in a way that will not interfere with the progress of the soul in the hereafter, and that will admit of their advance on to the more austere part of the path later in life.

This preliminary course is for householders. It does not altogether forbid the enjoyment of life; but only places certain easy restrictions on sense

enjoyment. They are permitted to earn a living and to enjoy home life. In other words, it is permissible for the novice to marry and settle down to home life, and to enjoy the happiness of parenthood.

I do not ask thee to leave the world:
Only this do I demand, that thou shouldst ever be in the company of God, whatever thou mayest be doing!

The restrictions that are placed on the householder's life are in regard to the following acts: hunting, gambling, eating flesh, sexual promiscuity, lying, thieving, and drunkenness. These are to be given up at once. Because they are the worst habits of men, and cause such excitement in the soul (see Part I of this book) that it is very difficult and at times even impossible to quell it. Every layman must give up these seven evil habits. It is impossible to make any progress on the path without giving them up in the first instance. He who wishes to enjoy peace of mind without curbing down the agitations of his heart wants to extract the elixir of life from poison.

The seven bad habits given up, the layman advances further, and now aspires to avoid causing harm to others, to cultivate truthfulness, to refrain from helping himself to or taking things that have not been given him, to have no sexual intercourse with anyone except his spouse, and to refrain from keeping too much of worldly goods by him.

It should be noted that the possession of an abundance of worldly things is the cause of the soul's downfall and of a laxity of the spirit of renunciation. It is, therefore, the duty of the layman to voluntarily reduce the number of the things of sense enjoyment.

O beggarly belly! be content with a crust,
That thou mayest not bend thy back in service before men!

Al Ghazzali says:—

"The faithful engages himself in meditation and penance; the faithless in greed and covetousness. The faithful fears no one except God; the faithless fears all except God. The faithful expects favour from none except God; the faithless from everyone except God. The faithful sacrifices wealth for Religion; the faithless Religion for wealth. The faithful prays and weeps; the faithless sins and laughs. The faithful loves privacy and seclusion; the faithless likes crowds and the company of men. . . . . The Elders have said that goodness is this, that a man should be modest, not gullible, not given to excessive grief, truthful, a seeker of peace, much given to devotion, less liable to err, disinclined to employ himself in purposeless activity, a well-wisher of all, anxious to do good to all, dignified, kind, slow to be angered, profoundly patient, content, thankful, forbearing, tender-hearted, amiable, temperate, with his desires well under control. He should not swear, nor abuse

anyone, nor snatch at another's words, nor indulge in backbiting, nor use obscene language, nor be hasty, nor cherish jealousy or deception. He should be open of countenance and sweet of speech. His friendship and enmity, anger and pleasure should be solely in the cause of God.... Evil company is the root of all evil.

"A man should first of all part with all his riches except what he needs for himself ..... The heart of him who fasts becomes keenly eager and his understanding increases ..... Boasting and thoughtlessness are the gateway to Hell; and a broken spirit, lowliness and humility the portico of Heaven. Satiety of the senses is the cause of thoughtlessness .... . The aim in fasting is that the *nafs* (will) should be broken down and be brought under control and that it should be taught obedience."

The faithful man takes care of his mental tranquillity. He does not suffer himself to be excited or distressed by the conditions of the world or with his personal pleasures and pains.

Farid-ul-din Attar has said :—

Do thy work, and having done it entrust it to God:
What concern canst thou have with pleasure if plums are gathered and what with pain if thorns?
Over every action take the name of the holy Conqueror, God:
And have no personal concern with its profit or loss!

Be ever content both with gain and loss
Like a fruit-laden bough!

The reason for the injunction is that the layman seeker, as such, is not strong enough in his spiritual life to be able to withdraw from all kinds of worldly activity at once. But the saint does renounce all actions, and remains immersed in the contemplation of his real God, that is to say, of his pure soul.

Nyaz says:—

I have no concern, O Nyaz! with the progress of the world!
Who has passed beyond himself does not care for it, whatever may happen!
May I ever remain unoccupied, and relieved of the world's work:
This, indeed, is the greatest of work in my opinion!
Obedience and devotion to God, O Nyaz! is the doing of nothing!
Apart from the doing of nothing there is nothing in the worship of God!

Mir Dard says:—

The reward which love gave me is this
That it has relieved me of all work!
The heart is now freed from all kinds of bonds!
I am dead now, and have neither sorrow nor joy!

According to the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

My home is lost, my town is lost, my name, too, is lost!
In thy love I have lost everything, in short!

The man of faith in the layman's stage deals with others with justice and truth.

The conquest of a country may be founded upon unity;
Hatred has brought many an estate to ruin!
Though I have made my peace with the world in one way and another,
I am engaged day and night in struggle with myself!
What thou dost not like when done to thyself
Thou shouldst not like it when done to another!
On the face of the water, the wise old man of the shining countenance
Taught me two principles (as follows):
Firstly, do not praise the good in thyself;
And, secondly, do not look for evil in another!
Do not hurt the down-trodden:
Else thou shalt be humiliated before them at the moment of death!
I regard everyone and every stranger as a friend;
And I have forgiven my enemies!
I am at peace with every sect;
In the whole world I have enmity with no one!
It will not be surprising if *khaksāri* were to remove the dirt from the heart:
Observe how a mirror is cleansed with *khak*!

Note.—Khak means dust, and *khaksari* is sitting on the dust, as a mark of humility.

The pun in this verse on the word *khak* is obvious.

What else should I do if not keep quiet when abused?
How can I open that mouth which is used for thanksgiving to upbraid anyone?
Be lowlier than the lowliest if thou hast understanding:
This is the advice of the Perfect Ones, my son!
He entertains neither hope nor fear in connection with anyone:
Unity is founded on this, and that is all!
So long as thou dost not purge thy heart of vengefulness,
Thy claim to goodness is mere brag!
Help if anyone goes astray;
Forgive if anyone causes harm!
There is enmity between *khudi* (egotism) and *Khuda* (God):
Where art thou wandering away to? What has happened?
Do not think of hurting anyone, and do what you like;
In my Code there is no greater sin than the causing of harm to others!
Regulate thy life so that throughout
Thou shouldst obtain gain and no one else suffer loss!
Hear the advice of Hafiz, O Master! Go and do good!
Inasmuch as I see that this is better than the possession of jewels and pearls!

The Musalman layman advances on his path by prayer, fasting, pilgrimage, charity and sacrifice,

and having understood their proper significance puts them into practice.

Prayer the Telling of Beads and Sacrifice

Prayer without the presence of the self is not lawful under the Law:
How can my prayer be effective when I am drunk day and night?
If the lover does not perform his ablutions with his heart's blood,
According to the Master of Ceremonies of Love his prayer is not proper!
So long as thou art in existence how shall the Beloved be thy friend?
When thou shalt be no more the Beloved will become thy friend!
Whoever is tired of himself
Becomes the knower of mysteries, without a doubt!
My life has been offered as a sacrifice at the Feet of the Beloved;
Her countenance is my creed!
My prayer is my falling down in the drunken state,
The anguish of thy love in my heart is my Scripture!
The craze for freedom is astir every moment in my heart;
My body is now a prison to me!
I am without a self O Koh-kan! I am cutting down my life:
Thy stream of milk is worthier than this 'dear' life of mine!

Note.—The term Koh-kan literally means one who cuts down a mountain. One of the heroes of an

Oriental love story was Farhad whose lady-love asked him to cut her a channel across mountains for a supply of milk for her. This he did. Hence the nickname of Kóh-kan!

The Zahid is always engaged in ablutions, night and day,
But as for washing away dirt from his heart, he will do it not!
Who says that the lover says no *numaz*?
The whole existence of lovers is nothing but *numaz* itself!
The *numaz* of the Zahids is bending and prostration!
That of the lovers is renunciation of life itself!
When thou risest for *numaz*,
Art thou stirred inwardly in the heart then? Speak the truth!
There should stir such a longing at the time of prayer
That will produce a consuming tenderness in the heart!
The heart should then burn from the love of Truth like a roasting rissole,
Or as the melting snow by the heat of the sun!
If there is no fear of God in the heart
Where is thy *numaz*, then, O shameless man!
This is what the Maulvi has said in the Masnavi:
(Read it there if thou hast wisdom and understanding):
If the tongue be occupied with recitation and the heart with the bartering of an ox,

What efficacy can such a telling of the beads possess?
Anything other than the thought of Truth entering the heart
Is nothing less than a fever, O skilful one!
So long as thou dost not banish it from thy heart,
Thou shalt remain without understanding of the Light of Unity (Individuality)!
If thy *numaz* is without the presence of the heart
It is no *numaz* at all, O good man!
Thou art ignorant of the nature of the Light Divine:
How can it benefit thee then?
This is the defect in everyone's devotion;
But the good-natured devotee is unaware of it!
Which is tantamount to saying that whatever be the thought that is engrossing the mind—
That alone is one's God!
Remove this thought with the light of Divine Oneness;
It is never a worthy object to be entertained in the heart!
He is near and unveiled, and thou far away:
How, then, can thy *numaz* be successful, O dunce?
Think! Weigh the point in thy mind!
Ponder what thou hast learnt about it!
See! that Beloved One is enthroned (unveiled):
Thou art hidden by thine egoism!
Slay it with a huzzah for God!
This is what huzzah means, O brother:
Sacrifice thy body, as Ishmael did, O man of greatness!

So that thou shouldst become Khalil!

Note—Khalil is another name for Abraham. The word literally means a garden. According to a muslim tradition, Abraham was thrown into a blazing fire which became a garden for him on account of his piety and faith.

If the face be towards the Ca'ba and the heart towards the world,
Where will thy *numaz* be, O unhappy man?
Shouldst thou desire God, seek out God!
If thou dost not desire Him, do not repeat ancient formulas!
If thou hast not sought the Truth (and offerest *numaz*),
This is termed hypocrisy in religion!
O thou who prostratest thyself on the carpet!
Say, before whom art thou prostrating, if thou knowest not God!
Whoever goes through *numaz* without the presence of God
Is an idolater, undoubtedly!
Read what was plainly written by the Maulvi of Rum, O unfortunate man:
Until thou canst perform the *wuzu* (ablutions) with thine own blood,
How art thou qualified to offer the prayer of lovers?
For detachment from the Body is the real prayer—
The renunciation of self, of one's children, of desire!

It is stated in the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat:—

"As water washes away dirt so do the five *numazes* wash away sins .... For this reason the purpose of the *numaz* is to keep the heart in proper atonement with the Supreme Godhead, and to reawaken thoughts of God with perfect veneration and gravity ..... *Numaz* should be recited as if one were bidding someone farewell, which means to say that one has to part from one's egoism and desire (in fact, from all else except God) when saying it ..... The perfect and live *numaz* is one in which the heart is present from beginning to end ...... The secret of purification is this, that thou shouldst regard the washing of clothes and body as the washing of the cover, and .... the cleansing of the heart, by repentance, regret and the giving up of bad actions, as the soul of that external purification. The body is the seat of the form of *numaz*; the heart is the abode of its merit ...... If a man stands up for *numaz* and has his mouth and heart and desire, all turned to God, he emerges from it as if he has just been born, that is to say, he is absolved from all sin .... Externally, thou shouldst stand with bowed head, like a slave, before God, and internally what is to be done is this, that the heart should be at rest from all agitations (excitement), that is to say, that it should be rid of all thought .... From bowing and prostration is meant the humility of the body as a symbol, the internal significance being the lowliness of the heart ...... If a person desires to offer

numaz in the presence of the heart, he should first of all undertake to cure it (the heart) of its ailment, and empty it of its contents (desires); and this is attained by withdrawing himself from the pursuits of the world, and being content with only the necessities of life."

It is said in the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

Thou art of small ambition that for the possession of the two worlds
Thou extendest thy hand in prayer before the Self-existent One!

The Gnostic gives thanks only to his own Divine Self.

God be thanked that in whatever I demanded of Him
I have attained to the limit of my ambitions!

He thus prays to his own soul.

O King! Thou art Beneficent, Merciful and Forgiving:
Hold me by the hand for I am helpless, and unprotected by down or feather!
Make the end of Khakani secure by thy Benevolence and Goodness, O God!
For all are seeking food and slumber!
I am full of sins, thou art the River of Forgiveness,
Where there is thy Forgiveness of what account are my sins?
If they are to take the shortcomings and blunderings of the devotee into account,
What can be the meaning of God's Forgiveness and Beneficence?

I am a needy person, and have not courage to ask:
In the presence of the Bountiful where is the need of asking?
The World-revealing Goblet is the Countenance of my Friend:
Where is the need of expression of one's need there?
My being and the conceit of being are both thy gifts:
My Life is altogether an invention of thine!
How can I offer thee thanksgiving and thanks?
What am I? All Power is from thee, O God!
These hands and feet, this tongue, the very word thankfulness
Are all gifts from thee, from none else!
Obedience and the capacity for obedience are both from thee!
Thy beneficence has ordained a hundred good things for me!
I have entrusted my all to thee;
Thou knowest the matter of profit and loss!
Bring that excellence to me that in the end
Thou shouldst be pleased and I released!
Make my doings good like thine own work!
Deal not with me according to my deserts!
I do not know how time goes by—
What of good and what of evil is happening in the world?
Before whom else can I complain against thee, for there is no other King;
No other hand is more powerful than thine!
None can mislead him to whom thou showest the way;

And none can direct if thou misdirect!
Hold me by the hand; my helplessness has passed
the limit!
Lift up my head that I may offer my life at thy feet!
If every hair of mine were to become a tongue,
And from every one I were to compose a poem,
It would be impossible for me to thread the pearl
of my thankfulness for thee—
To describe as much as the point of a hair of my
obligation!
O Beneficent One show thy forgiveness to me;
For I am caught in the noose of desire!
O God! thou art merciful and forgiving!
Sins lie upon me in heaps!
I have no patron nor helper;
In my helplessness thou art the only friend I have!
I have no other to whom I may complain,
Thou art the only forgiver of sinners, and that is all!
Keep me from the path of error;
Forgive me my faults and let my merit be seen!
From thee is illumined the Moon of my faith;
Lift the veil from the face of my Beloved One!
Shouldst thy beneficence not look my way,
Who O God! would help me out of my sin?
Penniless and broken-hearted I have come to thy
Court,
Except this heart, that is thine, I possess no other
document (credentials)!
What is skill, what am I, whence the equanimity of
the heart?
All these are reflections from thy reflection; they
are but thee!

Up to the end of time I hope for kindnesses from
thee, O God!
If I withdraw my hope from thee from where else
could I draw hope!
I am Penniless, I am lowly, helpless, sick and sorry
am I:
I hope for a cupful of that great all-healing
Panacea!
I am without hope from myself and from the whole
world:
I have no hope from anyone, but I have hope from
thee!
Thou, too, saw how I behaved; thou hidst my fault
mercifully:
Thou knowest well what expectation I have from
thee!
I am bad, I have used bad speech, I have been bad
all along, I have acted badly:
In spite of all this I hope for thy bounty!
O Friend! the light of my eyes has become blurred
with weeping:
In this moment I hope the dust of thy lane will be
an eye-salve for me!
Mahi says: My friend has shed my blood:
Even after this slaughter I have hopes of gifts
from Him!

From the Behr-al-Haqeeqat we have:—

O God, O Absolute Master!
All that is high and all that is low is in thy power!
O God, the one that is the Beloved of Lover's soul!
The least of thy gifts are the two worlds!

O God! the Knower of the secrets of all hearts!
Take me out of the reach of the snares of the *nafs* (desire)!
O God! who art the bestower of success on the labour of all workers and without a need!
Open thou now the gate of thy goodness to me!
O thou that art the remedy for those afflicted by non-union,–
The ointment for the lacerated hearts that are full of love's zeal!
Pierce thou my heart with thy love!
Render me unheeding to the business of this world!
Fill the heart with disgust for friend and stranger!
Remove the darkness of the heart at once!
Flood this darkened heart with Light!
Grant the healing ointment to my broken spirit!
Let me be distressed only in thy love!
Let desire and jealousy depart from my heart!
That which is the highest rank of all ranks—
Thy rank is a million times above that rank!
Grant me such understanding
That will open my inner Eye!
The parts and the whole of the universe are, unquestionably,
In thy power eternally!
Under thy command are being and also non-being!
Who has the daring to utter a word in the matter!
Make me insensible in thy love!
Make me intoxicated with the wine of Individuality for a moment!

Grant me O Lord! a cupful of that drink of self-forgetfulness
That will cut off the neck of selfishness!
If thy goodness will not take me by the hand,
I shall remain in the devil's power!
Every nerve and muscle is a snare for my life;
Every thought of mine is foolish!
But if thy Beneficence be helpful
It will transform black dust into gold!
This body shall then be filled with the Alchemical Elixir;
The heart shall become a gold-mine, by thy bounteousness!

Explanation of Prayer

It is said in the Behr-al-Haqeeqat:—

Everyone calls God the giver of food!
But no one understands what that means!
The words 'giver of food' are on their tongues;
Of their meaning men are unaware!
Man is ignorant of his Essence;
He is ignorant of the desired Goal also!
Whoever comes to know his constitution,
All hidden secrets shall be revealed to him!
For this reason, said that Excellent One:
He who understands himself becomes a knower
Open thine eyes. Hast thou none in thy face?
Yes, there are eyes but they are not far-seeing ones!
What you consider eyes, O man of piety!

Are eyes but they are not perceivers of the Truth!
Different are the eyes of the heart and its understanding!
They function in strange ways and manners!
To that Understanding distance makes no difference;
It sees every bad thing and every good one!
It has knowledge of everything from East to West:
Everything is visible in front of it!
Visible things and also the secret workings of living beings
Are known to it as at the middle day!
He stands not in need of being told;
The secrets of hearts lie open before Him!
I shall now show thee that method
Whereby thou canst be immersed in the Ocean of Individuality!
I approach the subject fearfully,
Lest there be ferment in the understanding of the common people!
Understand that man is composed of two elements:
Think of these two for thyself!
One of these elements is surpassing subtle;
The second is as much gross and vile!
The grossness of the body is seen by all;
And the subtleness of the soul is evident!
They are opposed to each other by nature:
(It is a mystery) that the incompatibles have come together!
There is present within thee an unbounded universe!
But thou dost not know thyself!
Hell and heaven are hidden within thee:

Why dost thou await the arrival of another?
There is in thee that power
O Man of purity of thought!
By which thou canst achieve whatever thou wishest to do!
If thou triest with heart and soul
Thou canst make thyself an angel and also a devil!
Thou art the source of the verses divine (doctrine)!
Thou art the expression of the Light of God!
In thee are collected all laws and mysteries divine:
Open thou thine eyes and see for thyself O man of little understanding!
Beat thou at the Gate of Bounty with seriousness of purpose:
So that the Passage of Delights be opened to thee!
Not these delights of this faithless world,
But those enduring joys of the unperishable one!
Those are delights that do not deteriorate!
What is perishable is mere dream or thought!
In power and strength there are many animals that are
More powerful than thyself, O brother!
What is the hidden Power? It is the power of the Soul
Before which mountains—sky itself—are as straws!
If the power of thy Soul be manifested,
Why mention fortresses, thou shalt even uproot mountains!
From the soul force will be demolished a mountain pass,
The moon may be pierced with it!
By the soul force one ascends to heaven;

By it Fire may be transformed into a well-arranged garden!
The least of its gifts are the two worlds:
How can a common person conceive of the power of the Supreme Soul?
What thou regardest as great treasure,
Is for it smaller even than a particle of dust!

The advice of Bu Ali Shah Qalander is finally this:

Do not soil the heart in the pursuit of things that will not abide:
From God demand nothing but God (-hood)!

Pilgrimage

Hafiz says:—

The benefit of a fast and the acceptance of the pilgrimage comes
To him who has paid his devotion to the dust at the door of the drinking booth!

Bekhud says:—

The Beloved is in the heart, thou seekest Him among structures of water and clay:
O Pilgrim! what wilt thou gain from such wanderings!
When thou knowest not thyself what benefit canst thou get from the Beloved?
Alas! Bekhud has not yet abandoned egoistic thought!

From the Tohfat-al-Ashqueen we have it:—

The true devotee brings his heart under control, for this is the great pilgrimage:

A single heart is more worthy than thousands of Ca'bas!
The heart is the corridor for the promenading of the Great One:
It is the repository of the Ca'bas of Azar's (son,) Abraham!
The heart is devastated with the thought of the other than God!
If thou knowest Him it becomes the Ca'ba!

Farid-ul-din Attar tells us:—

What is pilgrimage? Travelling away from one's self!
Whither? In the direction of Realization!
Thou, too, shouldst break the Idol in the Ca'ba, like Ali!
So that thou mayest perceive the glory of the King of Bounties!
Understand the Ca'ba to be thy heart, O man of patience!
To get some idea of the hidden meaning!

It is said in the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat:—

"O Beloved! Understand that there are two kinds of travels: one hidden, the other visible. The hidden journey . . . . . is the traversing of the stages on the Path of Spirituality. It is the journey of men when they have remained seated in their houses with the body, but have travelled to heaven with the heart . . . . . . The reason is this, that the world of angels is the heaven of the gnostic; and there is no bar or obstacle to its approach. It is to this journey that God calls men."

Junaid has been a powerful dervish in Islam. Once upon a time a man came to see him who had just returned from pilgrimage to Mecca. Junaid's questions that were put to the man form very instructive reading. Their essence is as follows:—

Junaid: From the moment that you departed from your house did you also depart from sinning?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not travelled at all! And when you passed stage after stage on your journey and halted at a place at night, did you also traverse a stage on the Path of Truth?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not traversed the stages of the journey! And when you put off your garments and donned the pilgrim's robe, did you put off human thoughtlessness also and throw it away?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not donned the pilgrim's robe at all! And when you stood at the place of Arafat, did you for a moment stand in contemplation of God?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not stood at Arafat at all! And when you circumambulated the Ca'ba did you meditate on the glory of God?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not circumambulated the Ca'ba! And when you ran between Safa and Marva did you attain to the purity of the heart and fidelity?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not run between Safa and Marva at all! And when you threw the pebbles, then did you also throw away your sensual lusts from you?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not thrown the pebbles. And when you offered a sacrifice at the place of slaughter did you also sacrifice a worthless thing, the love of the world?

The Pilgrim: No, sir!

Junaid: Then you have not offered sacrifice; and you have not gone on pilgrimage either!

It has been pointed out in the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat that the pilgrim's journey is like the journey of death. As a man has to give up the world at the time of death, in the same way one is required to break away from it at the time of going on pilgrimage. Undoubtedly, a mere covering of distance over earth cannot be termed pilgrimage.

It is said in the Behr-al-Haqeeqat :—

The physical pilgrimage, O brother! is undertaken by all:

The one to the Worshipful Place is the work of Men!

Shamsh of Tabrez enjoins:—

That journey is to be performed within the heart:

It does not mean travelling over land from one place to another!

Travel from thyself to the heart, and from the heart to Life!
And not over the countries of the world with the physical body!
That road is to be traversed with Life, not with feet:
Sacrifice thy self also with courage on that way!

Fasting

It is said in the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat:—

"God's name should only be taken in meditation on God. One should not seek to advance one's material interests with the aid of religious observances. Filth should not be introduced into a shining Jewel!...... So long as the heart is not purified from the stain of thoughts of the other than God, it will not be prepared for devotion to God .... The eating of that which is unclean is forbidden ...... One should not say *numaz* on a cloth which is used by ordinary men to sit upon. I do not know why people eat food prepared by careless hands. Why do they not observe carefulness in regard to it, when in the matter of food carefulness is of the utmost importance?

"The secret of purification is this, that thou shouldst regard the washing of clothes and of the body as the washing of the cover, and ...... the cleansing of the heart as the soul of that external purification. And this is how the

purification of the interior is to be effected: be sorry for sins committed and resolve firmly not to sin any more....... Repentance renders sins of no effect, and wipes them out.

"If desire be strong, the remedy is to take a purgative to purge out the evil from the heart; and this is the recipe of the purgative: whatever be engrossing thy attention, give it up. The thought of it will not leave thee unless thou givest it up..... For instance, if a man who is sitting under a tree desires not to hear the singing of the birds on it, and takes a stick and frightens them away they will immediately return to it. Hence, if he wishes to stop hearing their singing, the remedy is to cut down the tree itself, for so long as the tree is there it will constantly be attracting birds......

"One should give away the best, the most costly but lawfully acquired article to a needy person, because what is a source of distraction cannot be the means of approaching God.

"The smell of the mouth of him who is fasting is more agreeable to God than that of musk ...... The sleep of him who fasts is devotion; his breathing is like the telling of beads; his prayer near to acceptance...... Lusts are soldiers in the army of the Devil, and fasting routs his army, because the essence of fasting is the giving up of lusts.......... Fasting is the gateway to devotion. These excellences are attained because desires are obstructors of devotion, and gratification goes to stimulate

them, but hunger kills them ...... The fast of excellent saints is the most meritorious. This is how it is to be observed: keep the heart pure from all kinds of thoughts except those of God; resign thyself completely to Him, and abstain, both internally and externally, from all else, and keep away from it. When a man thinks of anything other than God and the associated ideas, the fast is broken ...... And the observance of a fast proceeds in this way, that its observer should make himself like angels, for they have absolutely no desire. It dominates cattle, for which reason they are far from the angels. The man who is in the grip of desire is also on the same level as cattle. He becomes like angels when he controls his desires ...... When a person understands that fasting is meant to break down desire and to purify the heart, he should take care of his heart .....

"One hour's meditation is equal to a whole year's devotion .... Meditation produces three things: 1. Divine Wisdom, 2. the ecstasy of Self-realization, and 3. proper Conduct. One should always think of God. Do you want your own good? Frequent meditation is its key! Meditate much, not little; often, not now and then .... The man who thinks of God and who is surrounded by ignorant men is like a living being among the dead .... When he will be so engrossed and taken up with divine meditation that he will forget all else but Truth, he will then have arrived at the first stage on the Path of Progress.

. . . . . This stage is called that of nothingness or annihilation. This means that whatever else was has been annihilated by His meditation, and that the seeker has also been annihilated himself, so that he has forgotten himself . . . . When a man has reached this stage he begins to perceive the forms of the angels. The souls of the angels and prophets appear to him in pleasing forms The things that are specially within the knowledge of God then begin to be revealed to him. Other great signs appear which cannot possibly be described . . . . .

"Man should consider himself as being on a journey, and should look upon the hereafter as his home. A journey is full of discomfort, but peace and happiness are for him who will put his best foot foremost and seek the ease of life at home. The duration of life is apparent, and obviously cannot be compared with that to be enjoyed in salvation. It is not strange if a person puts himself to trouble and undergoes suffering for a year to qualify himself thereby to enjoy happiness for a decade. Then, what is surprising in one's undergoing hardships for a hundred years to enjoy happiness for a hundred thousand years, nay, for all eternity?

"Do not eat with avidity; from thy righteous earnings eat according to thy needs . . . . Give thanks if food has come from a righteous source; weep and grieve if it is obtained from a doubtful one . . . . . . Do not put too great a load on an

animal; do not stand on its back; . . . . . do not hit it on the mouth with a stick

"Do not seek large profits . . . . . Whosoever becomes forgetful of the business of the Faith because of the business of the world is unfortunate . . . . Those wise men are great enemies of God who go to princes, and those are the best of princes who go to the wise men. The wise are the deputies of the Prophets. Abu Zar has said: Keep away from the court of kings; whatever thou shalt obtain from their world, thou shalt lose more than that of thy Faith . . . . . . The nearer a wise man approaches a king, the further he moves away from God One should feel as much disgust for him who hates God as one feels for an enemy . . . . . . Some ancient leaders have even gone beyond the limit and refused even to return the greetings of tyrants . . . . . It is necessary to show enmity towards the infidel who incites men to evil deeds, so that the people may despise him. The best thing to do is not to encourage him, nor to exchange greetings with him . . . ."

Says Sa'di of Sheeraz:—

I asked from the wise a word of advice:
They told me not to sit with the ignorant!
For if one be a world philosopher one would become an ass;
And if unenlightened, then a greater fool!
Friendship with a sweet-tongued fool
Is to be avoided; it is like deadly poison!

It should be the ambition of every layman that he becomes a saint one day. He is advised to retire from the world at least at the end of youth. It is the teaching of the Gnostics:—

The caravan has left, thou art still asleep; and the way lies through the desert:
How shalt thou perform the journey? Whom shalt thou ask for guidance? What shalt thou do? What will happen?
Woe on youth that is wasted:
Happy is he who is freed from the world!

These are from Hafiz; Firdosi says:—

Grey hair is a message from Death:
What more hopes hast thou from existence?

Here is a ghazl from Khakani:—

It is time that we passed out of this abode of death:
The caravan is gone, and we have to be going too!
We have not laid by provisions for the way:
The journey is long and we are ignorant of the way!
Father, mother, son, dear ones, all have gone away:
Strange is this delusion and short-sightedness of ours!
Every moment we see friends passing away;
We have not wit enough to think of our own end!
Our real home is a corner of the graveyard;
It will be a happy day when we carry our belongings there!

Our houses, the cloister, the halting stage, are all in the cemetery
And we still think of erecting palaces with balconies and doors!
We may put together the wealth of the whole world,
From here we can take away nothing more than a piece of shroud with us!

The Bostan-i-Ma'rfat has it:—

When thy life has been carried off by Death
How will funeral obsequies help thee then?

The Seraj-al-Salikin says:—

Wake up from thy deep slumber, for old age has arrived;
This is not moonlight but the early glow of the day of departure!
The walk of the broken-down me is like the fluttering of a dying bird;
At every step there is apprehension that I may drop on the way!
Alas! that thy life has been wasted in sleep;
A little of it is still left: seize it; make haste!
Thy life is like the water of a stream:
When once the water is past it can never come back into the current!
Thou art here for a few days like a wayfarer:
Consider this world as a stream!

In the Behr-al-Haqeeqat it is said:—

Three times twenty years hast thou spent in experiences of pleasure and pain;
Thy body, too, has become bent like a crescent

Thou hast ever been engaged in making and breaking things:
Now thou hast been caught by the hook, like a fish!
Those teeth of thine which used to shine like pearls,
They are now more offensive-looking than broken pieces of shell!
That bright complexion that was like the Moon—
It is now frightful to behold!
The dainty body which used to be of cypress-like elegance—
What has age done to its lustre?
That dancing eye that the world adored—
The cataract has dimmed its lustre!
The eye-brow that was nicknamed the keen-edged sword
Now looks unsightly like the damaged tailpiece of a saddle!
Often there is headache from neuralgia;
At times there is pain in the kidneys, and in the liver!
There is pain in the stomach from indigestion;
The face has become distorted with the difficulty of breathing!
The ears have become deaf due to excess of wind;
From excess of phlegm the sight has been weakened!
All the indications of the journey are, in fact, manifest;
But thou art as deluded as ever!
Thou possessest no provisions for the way

And the journey is such an unending one!
For God's sake wake up a little now!
Do not waste thy remaining breaths!
With every breath the caravan of life covers many stages—
Ceaselessly it travels!
Thou art still engrossed in slumber and food!
It (the caravan of life) covers great distances in a moment!

Description of Death

(From the Behr-al-Haqeeqat)

(None can be of help when death comes.) Neither relations, nor brother, nor friends,
Neither father nor tender-hearted mother,
Neither son, nor daughter, nor uncle nor aunt,
Nor even a slave or a damsel, nor wealth.
They who hold thee now dearer than life
Will flee miles from thy corpse!
Those who are ready to sacrifice themselves now for thee, like black seeds,
Will one day close their nostrils to avoid the stench from thy body!
This body of thine which is the envy of the Moon,
Will be stinking more horribly than the carcass of a dog!
They on whom thou dotest and hoverest over, like the wind
Will not think of thee even once in many years!

This wife, this son, thy mother, uncle, the husband of thine aunt—
They will cling to thee, like parasites, only whilst thou livest!
After thy death they will be here and thou far away;
They will be absorbed in their own affairs (not in thee)!'
Wake up! Attend thou, too, to thine own affairs!
Cease to slumber, O thou of little understanding!
Every breath that thou takest in that condition of deep delusion
Means another brick that has been pulled out of the structure of thy life!
Thy breath is always busy like a saw,
In cutting down the tree of thy life!

The householder layman is enjoined to be charitable and otherwise good:—

The miser shall never see the face of heaven:
He will be crushed as a fly under the foot of an elephant!
These three types are unmistakable signs of vile nature:
He earns his livelihood by perversity;
He is without cleanliness, and too lazy to rise early from his bed:
He avoids the company of the Knowers of Truth!
O my son! thou shouldst not befriend a bad friend,
So that thou mayest not find thyself engaged on evil work!

Always associate with saints,
So that thou mayest attain to heaven for certain!
The love of saints is the key to heaven;
Cursed are those who hate them!
Seek the shadow of a saint,
So that God may take care of thee!
Four things attain to perfection by four other things:
Bear this in thy mind, if thou be wise!
Wisdom becomes perfect by Reason;
Religion by practice!
Faith is perfected when supported by abstinence;
Life's blessings by gratitude!
It is certain that intellectual study leads to the perfection of intelligence;
Also that none can be righteous who practise not righteousness!
The foolish gain nothing from books:
Avoid thou him who is not thoughtful!
Knowledge without understanding is vain, my son!
Knowledge is like a bird and reason its down and feathers!
Whoever is learned and yet without practice—
Has undoubtedly a defect in his intellect!
Whoever is the doer of evil, O my son!
Thou shouldst regard him as dead; he is not alive!
No one has ever died from contentment:
None ever became a king from lust!

We have it in the Rehbar-i-Haq:—

"Good or evil results flow from all actions and deeds. And the result is connected with the

intention. If the intention is turned toward Truth, good is its direct result; if it be directed toward the *nafs*, it is always bad. There is, however, an exception in the case of certain acts, such as gambling and sinfulness which produce thoughtlessness and deluding stupor. There is no merit whatsoever in such deeds."

The stability of prosperity is with the knower of Truth,
Its dissipation with the ungrateful!
If thou recognisest that it is through the grace of Truth,
Eternal blessedness shall stay with thee!

CHAPTER XI

ASCETICISM

Asceticism is the only glorious thing in reality:
It is the polisher of Soul, O young man!
By asceticism are destroyed hundreds of bonds that bind the soul to the body;
By asceticism all thy undertakings will end successfully!
Thy soul will be restored to life when thou hast broken the chains of the body;
Then shalt thou perceive the hundred kinds of corruption that exist in thee!
Within the body the soul is involved in great trouble,
The Bird of the Golden Plumage is enmeshed in a net!
It is bound by a thousand bonds of various kinds:
In the cage of the body it is like a young bird in captivity!
Break its bonds if thou canst;
Free this bird of Golden Plumage from its bondage!
The method of freeing it is this:
Thou shouldst give up the pleasures of the world!
The love of dignity, of wealth, of possessions and of belongings—
These are hard chains: destroy thou them!

Feed it on the lawful nourishment,
So that the soul will become strong!
If anyone hurt thee,
Regard it as the act of destiny!
Do not seek the pleasant, nor the avoidance of the unpleasant;
Stop this kind of discrimination; abandon the pursuit!
If thou wilt destroy thy being,
Thou shalt become perfect, without doubt!
If love has made an impression on thy heart,
Thou wilt be more dead than a dead person while living!
Thou shalt have attained to that condition while living
Which may be likened to that of a dead person in the hands of a bather of corpses!
Take care! Do not give thy heart to things that perish!
Fill it with love of the Divine nature!
What is this friendship of thine with non-entities?
Give thy heart to that Lord of Reality!

When the layman has successfully accomplished his journey over his own section of the Path, he becomes qualified to enter on that of the ascetic. His journey is grounded on renunciation. But ordinarily a man cannot give up all his desires at once. He is subject to human emotions and appetites. But there is a method of renunciation which is based on experience and graded systematically. The layman soon acquires the ability

to take to ascetic life by pursuing it. This is it:

1. He should acquire proper faith, and the desire to live up to it; and should give up evil habits, drinking, gambling, hunting, prostitution and the like.

2. He should not commit the following principal sins, namely,

(i) causing harm to a living being,
(ii) lying,
(iii) thieving,
(iv) adultery, and
(v) keeping too much of worldly paraphernalia.

He should vow not to commit these sins

3. He should engage himself in holy meditation three times daily, that is, morning, noon and evening, for about forty-five minutes at a time.

4. He should observe one wholeday fast once every week, so that the roots of his desires be loosened, and he may accustom himself for much more severe fasting later on the ascetic's path.

5. He should reduce the number of things to be eaten.

6. He should impose limitation on the hours of meals.

7. He should refrain from sexual intercourse altogether. He should not indulge in it now even with his wife.

8. He should give up all work.

9. He should give away his property to those entitled to it or in charity.

10. He should give up even tendering advice on domestic and worldly matters, and reduce the amount of his wearing apparel.

11. He should not accept an invitation to dinner from anyone; but should eat only whatever he gets without previous invitation. He should now wear only the loin-strip and keep no more clothes with him.

In this manner the last stage of the layman's path brings him near to the ascetic's. Some people have given the above rules with slight variations; but this is the best method, and leads to success in renunciation quite easily.

The true ascetic removes even the loin-strip. Among the Dervishes of the Bektashi Order the novice is required to strip himself naked before being ordained. The Abdals ever remain nude.

Humility, forgiveness, contentment, truthfulness, abstinence, observance of austerities, renunciation, equanimity, and control of the senses are the ten excellent qualities of saints. The dervish keeps himself from committing any of the five principal sins with great strictness, and is constantly engaged in the detection and eradication of his blemishes

The dervish knows the body to be his enemy, for which reason he spends his whole time in killing his *nafs*. We have it in the Pindnama-i-Attar:—

He is the truly wise who is ever filled with gratitude,

And has his *nafs* under control!
He is the greatest fool of all
Who runs about to gratify his *nafs* and desire,
And who entertains the belief that God will forgive him his sins!
Though asceticism is hard to practise,
It is the best of all things!
When thou shalt begin to perceive thine evil traits
Thy soul shall become strong then!
If thy belly holds no unlawful food
Thou art a man of faith, undoubtedly!
He whose heart is full of the unlawful, O my heart!
How can his soul soar upwards to Heaven?
The proper raiment for the garment of the men of renunciation is a single robe of coarse cloth:
They have no concern with the fashions of society!
So long as a man remains dominated by his *nafs*
It is not possible for him to find God!
If thou hast no clean clothes with thee,
If thy body is not dressed in well-made garments;
It is enough that it has a garment of coarse cloth,
And that thou art filled with Divine attributes!
When did the man who has set his foot on the Path gain anything from the world?
When did he fear annihilation?
These four things which are set down here O friend!
Thou shouldst regard them as harbingers of bad-luck!
They are: ignorance, laziness,
Helplessness and meanness, dear friend!

He who attains to fame is unworthy:
What concern can the Pilgrim on the Path have with fame?
If thou abandon name and fame gained before men:
Thou shalt enjoy happiness, undoubtedly (for all eternity)!
If thou wishest to raise thy head,
Shut the door of (sensual) pleasure on thyself!
Whoever shall keep the door of pleasure permanently closed on himself,
For him shall be opened the door to Peace!
He who adores gold and silver in this life,
Will be worried and perplexed in the hereafter!
This world is for wicked people,
And Heaven for saints!
He who is entangled in the bogs of this world,
'Dust' will be his inheritance in the hereafter!
O my son! keep thyself engaged in meditation on God,
Keep away from the world as one would from a *ghoul*!
How long wilt thou behave as a grain-eating ant?
Learn to fast if thou art a man!
Four things are destructive of the murderous *nafs*:
I shall speak of them; hear thou me (with attention) O beloved friend!
They are: the dagger of silence, the sword of fast,
The lance of seclusion and abstention from sleep!
Put thy vile *nafs* in chains!
Do thou contrary to what it whispers in thine ear!
Keep away from the purpose of the wicked *nafs*;

Do not provide nourishment for the enemy!
Hunger and fasting are the means to be employed against it;
They will bring it under thy control!
When was decoration of the body of death allowed on the Path?
Death is the effect of such decoration!
There is no better garment for the body than abstinence;
When did *men* ever care for fashion?
Avoid thou the world and the *nafs*,
So that thou shouldst not have to deal with pests!
In the two worlds there is peace for him undoubtedly,
Who is not burdened with silver and gold!
The bird who flies in the air falls into the bird-catcher's net,
Because of the evil and ill-omened *nafs*!
If the wicked persecute thee every moment of thy life, put up with it,
If it be thine ambition to obtain thine inherent happiness!
Be ever at war against the devil;
Do not follow the lead of the world!
The dervish's robe and a morsel of food
Are sufficient for him who keeps his heart pure with truth!
One should remain hungry and show content;
And deal with an enemy with kindness and generosity!
Be thou like him who is feeble and broken-down and humble,

Yet in the need of the moment a lion among men!
Whose heart is full of blood (courage), and hand of emptiness,
Who presents fatness of the inside though outwardly lean!
Bow not thy head before a creature of the world;
Thou shalt lose thy faith if thou dost!
Corpses are these millionaires of their time:
Thou shouldst not associate with dead men!
What if thou acquirest wealth and gold?
The grave will be thy abode in the end sure enough!
If a man sit with the unenlightened,
That will take away his humanity from him!
The crow hates the company of the nightingale,
Because it has no sense for the smell of the rose!
In short, the association with unenlightened men is the destroyer of life:
Everyone knows this well!
If ever thou findest thyself in the company of an unenlightened man,
Flee from him, like the wind!
Understand that corpses are these men of the world:
How can one associate with a dead body!
Acquire thou the Wisdom Divine O my son!
That thou mayest learn of thy creator!
He who has knowledge of his creator and purity of the heart
Can see that he will enter into life through annihilation!
He who is not a knower is never alive!

When did such a one attain to nearness of God!
O my heart! if thou wilt understand the mystery of the *nafs*,
Thou shalt know the Supreme God as its gift!
How can thy sense of the companionship of God be imperilled,
If thou possessest abstinence, with knowledge and works?

The Maulana Rumi has said:—

Patience soon drives away desire:
Practise patience, and all else will be well with thee!
The Soul's trouble lies in its greed and lusts,
Otherwise it is all *sherbet* and honey inside!
God has made many hundreds of thousands of solutions that dissolve:
A solvent like patience has never been seen by any man!
Gratefulness is the kernel of good things and they themselves the husk,
Because gratefulness takes one to the abode of the Beloved!
Prosperity brings stupor in its trail, and gratitude a warning:
O king! thou shouldst catch prosperity in the net of gratitude!
Pass out of thy egotism that thou mayest attain to God!
Sacrifice thyself on Truth that thou mayest gain eternal life!

Thou dost not know who thou art in reality!
Try hard that thou mayest learn what thou art!
If thou art troubled by harm, grieve not over it!
If thou sufferest loss, worry not!
There is no treasure but what it is guarded by a serpent; nor rose unprotected by a thorn!
In this world-market there is no happiness without accompanying tears!
Life consists in dying and hard work;
The Water of Life is to be found in the midst of the Continent of Darkness!
Whatever else that thou mightest conceive of except the Absolute Existence and Pure Being,
Is only dust!
To die for Him is a hundred times living;
Because such death is real happiness!
Every moment O dear one! does death overtake life:
Who else but the being of God is abiding?

Akbar says:—

Pain is actual pleasure to a true lover
Will someone ask the moth what is the joy in being burnt in the flame?
You should ask the moth about the joy of union, O lovers.
What is that joy for which it sacrifices its life?

According to Hafiz:—

What rest and peace can I expect in the journey to the Beloved One,
When the clanging bell is every moment urging the wayfarers to be moving on?

Come along, O Saqui! send the cup round, bestir thyself!
For love appeared to be easy at first but hardships have now to be endured!
The darkness of night, the fear of waves, such mountainous seas!
What know they of our plight who lightly tread the shores?
Heaven failed to bear the burden of the Trust:
Lots were drawn; it fell to the crazy me!
That is not fire at whose flame the candle laughs:
That is Fire which is burning in the granary of the Moth's heart!
I do not cease my effort till success crowns my work;
Either life joins the Beloved, or it goes out of the body (in the effort)!
Complain not in anger; because according to the rule of the Law,
No one can attain to happiness who does not face hardships!
So long as the atom does not evolve out high aspiration,
It does not seek to reach the Fountain of radiance in the Sun!
So long as a hundred thousand thorns are not produced in the soil,
The rose bush does not adorn the garden with a single Rose!
Be patient O Hafiz! For on the Path of Love
None can reach the Beloved without first giving up his life!

Day and night, I am forced to live on anger and the blood of the aching heart; what else can I do?
I am far from Thee: how else can I be cheerful?
A thousand points, more minute than the end of a hair, are involved in asceticism:
Not everyone who gets himself shaved can know what it is!
Do not bow to men, like beggars, in the expectation of charity
For the Beloved himself knows how to take care of devotees!
Try to attain the object of thy ambition during the few moments in which realization is possible;
The management of worldly business is out of the question!
O cup-bearer! do not put off to-day's joy until to-morrow,
Or else procure a warrant of protection from the Minister of Destiny!
I do not complain against thy hand that works unseen:
There can be no pleasure in a presence that was never otherwise!
Although thy beauty is in need of no lover's adoration:
I am not a devotee that can be stopped from loving!
O my heart! do not weep because thou art enmeshed in the net of her tresses:
The intelligent bird must display patience if caught in a net!

What business has the rind who aspires to burn up the world with compromising the cult?
(For) in a country's affairs you need tact and toleration!
To rely on one's piety and learning is infidelity:
A traveller may know a hundred sciences but he must have patience!
Do not sit depressed; give not thyself to sorrow;
For thy worrying will not make food grow more or less!
Since such futile labour can confer no benefit,
Do not trouble thy head with sorrow O thoughtful one!
God's forgiveness precedes my sin:
But I must not give away the secret. I must hold my tongue!
I am kept alive by the hope of union with thee,
Otherwise there is danger every moment of death from not meeting thee!
If thou inflictest a wound, it will be better than an unguent from another;
If thou givest me poison to eat it will be better than antidote from elsewhere!
Though physically I am far from the door and the court of the Friend,
Yet with my heart and my soul I am among his companions!
Before the hour that the precious Life will give thee up
Give it up thyself that We may come face to face with thee!

O Hafiz! to whom am I to relate this strange story?
For I am not the nightingale that will sit quiet in the season of flowers!
From my small sinful heart I heave a sigh
That will burn up even the sin of Adam and Eve!
O Beloved! What remedy shall I employ for the pain I am suffering in thy love:
How many more nights long shall I go on moaning?
The way towards which I have set my face in love is life:
I have placed men's favours and hypocrisy on one side!
The balcony, the corridor, the school, debates, all these
I have thrown on the dust of thy lane!
There is no other letter on the tablet of my heart than the A that is a reminder of the Beloved One's figure!
What shall I do? My teacher taught me no other?
I have a pact with the Beloved that so long as there is life in my body
I shall hold my rambling in her street dear as life!
I show faithfulness; I put up with censure; still I am happy;
Because in my religion it is infidelity to be afflicted with sorrow!
Nourishment for Life is the story of Those who have known!

If there is a mystery, go and ask for enlightenment; if a tradition to relate, come and tell it to us!
Do not leave me alone, for thou art the light of mine eyes;
Thou art the joy of life, and the sympathiser of troubled hearts!
Why dost thou not shed this blood that flows in thy heart,
To provide the beloved with paint and perfume!
Hear this advice if thou wilt free thyself from sorrow:
Eat thine own blood if thou wishest for the destined nourishment!
Welcome is this bit of mat, the beggar's life, and the dream that I see;
For this is happiness which is not for kings!
I am a dervish and a beggar, and I will not change
This fur cap of mine for a hundred crowns of kings!
What else can I do if not bear the persecution from friends;
Lovers have no remedy except humility!
The king has his anxiety about his army, the love of conquest, and acquisition of wealth:
The dervish has peace of mind and his small recess!
If there is gain anywhere in this world it is with tranquil ascetics:
O God! Make thou me rich with the ascetic's joy!
If the kingship of Asceticism be conferred on thee

The least bit of thy dominion will extend from the sea to the moon!
O my greedy *nafs*! If thou wert to leave me alone,
I would be king of many empires through asceticism!
Thou shouldst not seek union with Her if thou art not eager-eyed and prepared for hardship:
Because even the Goblet of Jamshed is of no avail when one is agitated!
If ever I had leisure from my occupation with my heartache to seek her union;
That would have been a welcome moment; it would have been very nice, if only it had arrived!
My eye beholds nothing save thine image:
I have no other street for walking than thine!

From the Dewan-i-Nyaz we have the following:—

My liver is afire; my heart is afire; my chest is afire and my eyes are afire!
I have set up my business with these four burning furnaces!
I hold my heart and my life dear because in them I have
Produced a sacrificial object for an offering to the Face of the Beloved!
My belongings and possessions are humility, tenderness, hunger and sleeplessness:
The strength of my humility has created in me a state of weakness!
I have worked only to drive the Devil away from me:

I have raised a fortress round myself by the concentration of my understanding and sight on One Being!
I have been a diver into the Ocean of Investigation all my life:
At last I have reached myself: I have established a landing place!
It is difficult beyond words to swim in the ocean:
With the arm of tenderness and humility I have accomplished that task!
I have become indifferent to men's jeering, O Nyaz:
I have withdrawn myself from selfishness: I am selfless now (in consequence)!
The party of the cup and wine, the singer and the flute is ended at last:
Intoxication and the ecstasy of my dancing heart I still have!
The flame from the light of thy Feet fell on the Senai of my heart:
I am burnt up; I am reduced to ashes; there is only the warmth of Life left!
Where is the fear O Nyaz! if I leave the world?
(For) this beloved of the World, my Life, has ever existed and will ever exist from beginning to end!
The flame of love has burnt up the bundle of my being:
Under the ashes of the heart is still left an imperceptible pulse!
My caravan has passed out of the horizon of visibility:

Only my name and mark is left behind, like the impress of a foot!
My life is altogether a thought, like a mirage:
To be sure I am no more; only a suspicion and notion of my being is left!
I do not need any requiem from men O Nyaz!
It will be best sung by the love that is in my heart!
A hundred knots have tangled the skein of my hope:
Attention's eye is fixed on His unravelling fingers!
O my heart! it is not easy to carry the ball of Divinity to the goal,
Without sacrificing the head success in this play is not possible!
Divorce thy self from the bond of I and thou; pass beyond duality:
For it is not easy for I and thou to realise God!
First of all practise the renunciation of desire, for otherwise O my immature heart!
It is not easy for thee to set thy foot on the path of Asceticism!
Come! remove the rust from thy heart with the polish of Divine Individuality!
Else it will not be easy to see thy face in the brightness of the mirror!
Come down first to the level of the dust of non-being, and be humble:
For it is not easy to raise one's head or one's banner high!
Destroy now O Nyaz! the serpent of thine existence,

For without this step it is not easy to attain to
Peace!
I was still faced with the pain of my aching heart
When the sight of thee again burnt up all my
belongings and possessions!
Nothing has been left from the intensity of love's
consuming fire,
Both the headache as well as the desire for a cure
have been burnt up!
I have reached such a state of weakness
That even a groan has not the strength left to
elbow its way out of my heart!
A tempest is raging before my eyes, produced by
my tear-drops:
I cannot see whether my boat is approaching the
shore anywhere!
Lovers have a strangely faithful companion in
sorrow;
If it were otherwise, it would mean serious trouble
for them!
My only desire is for a sight of the Beloved's
beauty;
It is not possible for any false craving to creep
into my heart!
Because I have annihilated myself from head to
foot in the desire for her love,
There is nothing left of me to form any other desire!
From every fall and hurt I have gained strength,
Each time that I was thrown off my feet I obtained
another foot!
Listen to the advice of Nyaz: Get thee free of
thyself!

When thou wilt free thyself, thou shalt have realized God!
What can be the desire which I may ask thee to gratify O heaven?
I have no heart left in which a desire could be entertained!
The dust of thy street possesses this strange property:
It is a sandal-paste for my headache and collyrium for my sight!

The following is from the compositions of Khuwaja Mua'ien-ul-din Chishti:—

Who advances but one step daily on my path
In the end comes to the party at my pleasure-palace!
Hundreds of thousands of curtains lay intervening between the Beloved and myself—
They were all burnt up with the single flame of a sigh and a sob from me!
My heartache is sufficient company for me on the path of love;
As a friend in the privacy of the heart, the morning's groan is enough!
When I parted with my life, I became the house of God:
How can I say what I became when I annihilated myself?
Everyone desires to continue to live in the world:
But I O Mahi! seek annihilation in death; nothing more!

If thou desirest union with the Beloved O Mua'ien! give thy life!
Because there is gain in love in the loss of life!

The following are from the Masnavi of Bu Ali Shah Qalandar:—

So long as thou art in being how can the Friend be a friend to thee?
When thou shalt cease to be the Friend shall become thy friend!
That thou shouldst disappear completely—this is the perfection;
That thou shouldst be lost in Him—this is the union!
Undoubtedly he becomes a knower of hidden things
Who is disgusted with his own self!
If thou only knewest of His love for thee—
If thou art eager to meet Him, he is more eager to meet thee!

Farid-ul-din Attar says:—

There is no room for anything other than God in the heart of him
To whom God grants enlightenment!

Firdosi says:—

If the ass will not come to the load himself,
Thou shouldst bring the load to his back!
The man whose heart is steeped in greed
Will benefit nothing from good counsel!

The groan arises as much as to say: pack up thy baggage!
Think not of thrones but of the grave!

It is thus said in the Seraj-ul-Salikeen:—

Consider thy breath a blessing!
For there is nothing of value in a cage that has no bird!
Since yesterday is gone and to-morrow is not in thy hand,
Do thy work with just the remaining breath (today)!
So live among men that thou mayest enjoy solitude in a multitude!
Love should be with nothing but the talk of God; thou shouldst feel bewildered with the company of men!
Lay not thy burden on anyone but on thyself!
Seek not greatness; better be a dervish!
Where shall I find life? In the renunciation of life!
Where shall I seek power? In the renunciation of power!
No doubt, the renunciation of desire is a bitter pill,
But it is better than the bitterness of 'far-ness' from God!
If the curbing of desires and fasting appear hard and rough,
They are nevertheless better than estrangement O investigator!
God's being shall combine with thee like life,

So that He shall become thou and thou He!
What is life that thou shouldst seek its company?
God shall call thee to Life eternal with His love!

Sa'di has said :—

Give up the pursuit of the unreal and worship God, like a man!
What work can be more profitable than devotion to God?
Thou canst not approach the Ca'ba O Sa'di!
Unless thou crossest the frightful wilderness on the way!

It is said in the Qasayed-i-Khaqani :—

Thou hast seen many gardens; visit a cemetery one day!
For it also says: come; I will show thee a garden!
Come to the cemetery; step this way
That thou mayest behold heart-alluring beauty under every figure of clay!

Bekhud says :—

So long as thou art afraid to die thou art imperfect in love:
He is a man who cheerfully offers his life to the Beloved!
Give my message to the travellers on the path of love:
That passing one step beyond the little self is tantamount to traversing a stage!
Forgetfulness of the self is the A B C of the school of Love!

He alone understands the meaning of the opening phrase
Bismillah (in the name of God) who is *bismil* (writhing from wounds) himself!
Bow thy head O Bekhud! at the door of thy heart!
Do not beg for boons from this one and that!
Whoever understands this secret, I shall regard him as a man of noble heart!
Every perfection that is other than God's
I regard as degradation, in reality!
The fire of love has burnt up my impurity:
My sitting in the dust has been alchemy for me!
Describe thy goodness thyself and hear it thyself!
How can Bekhud utter thy praises?
If thou wishest to be united to the Beloved of thy life,
Ignore thyself and recognise no other than Him!
I ran everywhere in search of Him;
Nowhere could I find any trace of Him!
When I halted at the door of my heart,
The whole mystery became revealed to me!
• What shall the Zahid gain from his recitations and rules?
Such stories are enough to frighten away sleep!

Shah Nyaz says:—

Nothing can be achieved by weeping:
If anyone sheds tears in love he is wrong!

From the Rehbar-i-Ishq we have the following verses :—

Men work with zeal and enlightenment;
Those who are mean resort to shameless deceit!
Be a man of heart; be a man of heart; be a man of heart!
Else thou wilt remain low, like an ass!
The object sought in retirement is this heart!
It can grant whatever thou desirest from it!
The man who realises himself acquires all knowledge from (the Book of) his Heart!
He lets go his hold on school books!

Renunciation and Purification

External purification is from filth;
The internal from evil doing!
To be sure, spiritual purification is obtained by the washing away of internal filth; but external filth is itself an indication of internal impurity, for instance, if a dervish is unable to control himself and fall to eating unclean and impure food, disregarding his sense of disgust at the sight of it, it means that he has been overcome by hunger, and has not yet succeeded in overcoming it. The true saint disregards all such feelings as hunger, thirst, heat, cold, pain, sorrow and the like. He is never afraid of death, and is ever ready to die at any moment. For this reason he is not a slave to food and drink; on the contrary he accepts them only when he is

perfectly satisfied that they have not been in contact with any kind of filth or impurity.

The destruction of internal evil means the killing of the individual *nafs* (will). All kinds of passions and emotions arise from bodily appetites. The word *emotion* means a sudden suction or agitation of the heart. When the heart is agitated by desire for the possession of an external object large quantities of molecules of subtle matter are attracted and sucked into the soul. This point has been explained in the first part of this book. It is the effect of this power of attraction or suction that the soul finds itself in bondage with matter. If the heart's agitations are stopped completely the soul will attain to its natural state, and becoming freed from the bondage of matter will at once become immortal, omniscient and the repository of all other divine attributes.

The *nafs* or will is nothing apart from the soul. It is but another name for the bodily cravings of the soul that is entangled in matter. If its desires are eradicated its passions and emotions will be destroyed, and no new matter will be able to penetrate into it. For this reason there will then also be an end to its bondage.

All the deception, fraud, trouble and quarrels that prevail in the world are the effects of our desires. Four kinds of powerful emotions at once arise from desire, namely, greed, deceit, pride and anger. Desire and greed are in reality one and the same thing.

Deceit is employed to gain an object on which one's heart is set, in other words, for desires. Pride is caused by the obtainment or possession of the desired things; and anger blazes forth against him who interferes in the obtainment or enjoyment of them. Desires are of four kinds in regard to their intensity: (1) mild, (2) intense, (3) very intense and (4) the most intense. The most intense class is the very worst form of desires. They produce a kind of fanaticism or madness in the heart, so that the man who is moved by them is no longer open to reason or argument. It becomes impossible for the soul during their sway to acquire faith in its own divinity. They are mingled with the element of delusion to which ignorance gives birth.

When the desires become subdued a little, and their intensity is reduced to the third of the above types the madness in a man's heart is lessened. If he then gets an opportunity to hear the truth from someone the foundation of faith can be laid in his heart. But his bodily appetites are still too strong for him and interfere with his living up to it, that is, with right conduct.

When the intensity of desires is lessened still further by another degree, one is able to practise the milder rules of conduct enjoined on a householder.

When the desires are reduced to the mild type sainthood is reached; and when they are totally

destroyed the soul becomes omniscient. And still later when the physical body is discarded the soul is released from the bondage of matter for ever. This is called salvation!

The householder gives up vice and practises virtue, the effect of which is the obtainment of heaven after death. But salvation is only for the saint who refrains from virtue and vice both, and becomes absorbed in the contemplation and meditation of his pure soul. The bodily bondage is not ended even in heaven; but perfect freedom is had in salvation. So long as the soul is imprisoned in the body it cannot escape from pain. This is destroyed only in salvation when the soul enjoys immeasurable happiness.

Morality is related to bodily love. The unenlightened man regards himself as the body and denies the very existence of the soul. The love of the body is deeply rooted in his heart. The faithful householder knows the soul to be separate from the body but he still looks upon his body as the instrument of enjoyment of life. But the saint knows the body to be his mortal enemy and ever exerts himself with all his power to destroy it.

The rule is that the more love there is of the body in a man, the worse will be his morals. And, conversely, the less the bodily love the better the morals. The latter grow better as the former grows weak. Sainthood is a stage farther than that of morality. The saint is an embodiment of abstinence. He is

the cause of no harm or hurt to anyone. He now avoids the world, and the company of its devotees; he seeks not their sympathy and gives up the business of doing good. There is only one form of good which he now does to men: he shows them all the path to Freedom. The basis of morality is happiness. Virtue is the first stage in the way of the obtainment of happiness. But the saint obtains real happiness and enjoys it. Even the Paradise of the householder is burdened with bodily bondage. His happiness, too, is sensual. Only the saint is qualified to enjoy spiritual bliss. Hafiz says:—

Let others be happy and pleased with their dancing and parties,
For me the pangs of love are a source of joy!
O Hafiz! Why complain against the pangs of love?
Union is embedded in non-obtainment and Light in darkness!

The Seraj-al-Salikin has it:—

O sensible man! Wouldst thou behold her without a covering veil!
Taste death and remove that cover!
Not the death that will land thee in the grave!
But that death which is implied in heartache!
Dust becomes gold, and ceases to be dust!
Sorrow becomes joy; its piercing point that pains ceases to hurt!
Whoever sets his foot on this Path
Manifest happiness will he find as his companion!

Sainthood is not a plaything for children; only men can tread its path. The Seraj-al-Salikin again tells us:—

What can be gained from shirking, on the Pilgrim's Path?
Manly courage is what is needed in the traveller!
Excellence of conduct is the characteristic mark of the brave;
For otherwise the vulture is no uglier than the falcon!
Only those men can accomplish the deeds of the Brave
Who risk their lives unhesitatingly!
What canst thou O Death! obtain from saints?
They kill themselves
Without waiting for thy arrival!

Akbar says:—

It is futile to ask the physicians for a remedy for my heartache:
When the disease is life itself how can it be cured?

Ghalib, however, suggests a remedy when he says:—

Ask me not the recipe for the salve of the heart's injuries;
Crushed diamond is its principal ingredient!

He continues and says:—

He who has been nurtured in the lap of luxury will never reach the Friend:
Love is the profession of the heroes inured to hardship!

The weakling has not the strength of the moth
that rushes into the flame to get himself singed:
Dandies are not fit to shed their life's blood!
Ascetic Kings alone go to the drinking booth,
Who have seized and thrown away the rank of
emperors!

Nyaz maintains:—

Except by giving up one's life it is not possible to
conquer the path of Truth:
On this path is required the will that courts suffer-
ing! O my heart!

Hafiz also says:—

How can the diver bring up pearls from the
ocean's bed,
Without risking his life in the attempt?

In the Seraj-ul-Salikin it is said:—

The path of religion is terrifying and troublesome
Because not every eunuch may tread it!
Although the journey is full of danger, and the
goal not in sight
Do not be depressed; there is no journey which
has not an end!

Hafiz may again be quoted here:—

If the Beloved causes thee heartburn cry not with
pain O my scul!
Affirm thy love and put up with the pain!
Turn not away O my heart! from the hardships of
the path;
For a brave traveller is not alarmed when faced
with the hollows and hills of the way!

Do not be disheartened: be of good cheer!
Make thy appeal to that Hearer of Prayers!
I am not frightened by the blackness of my record for on the final day
I shall break through a hundred such records, with His Grace!

The saint is utterly indifferent to suffering and pain. He is not disturbed in the least by hunger, thirst, heat, cold, the stinging of insects, nudity, and the urge of the sexual craving. He does not regard him who abuses or ill treats him as his enemy; nor him who praises him as a friend. If he is taken ill he will not seek medicine to cure himself. When disease appears to be assuming a fatal aspect he gets ready to give an invitation to death on his own account. In short, he is not at all afraid of death. Shah Nyaz Ahmad gives us the gnostic's view when he says:—

If I had feared to offer my life in thy love
Then I might have lived for a few days; but in the end I would have had to die!
But what is the comparison between this dying from love and that of being seized by death?
I am a Supreme Divinity now; there I should have been rotting in the grave!
Offer thy life to the Beloved; otherwise death will take it from thee by force:
Be thou thyself the judge O my heart! whether this is better or that!

The saint is not depressed if he fails to attain clairvoyance or other kinds of wonderful endowments or the keenness of intellect, not even from non-appreciation of his attainments by men. He has only one all-engrossing passion—the contemplation of the Beloved! He is not upset if people do not understand or appreciate him. He is ever anxious to maintain mental equanimity.

Neither exultation nor grief are lawful for him. He is not elated when well nor distressed in pain.

He is advised to keep away from the company of city-dwellers as far as possible.

The wilderness is proud of my rambles;
The sharp thorn kisses my feet!

He is forbidden to stay in any place for a long time.

Lovers with a reputation for madness do not stay in one place anywhere;
They are found at one place during the day, at another at night, somewhere else in the morning and elsewhere in the evening!
It is fitting that the saint should be moving about;
It is fitting that the water in a stream should be flowing!

According to Al Ghazzali: "He is a saint who does not possess the things that he needs, and cannot command them." Nyaz says:—

It is the wealth of contentment which makes the heart rich:

Shouldst thou desire to be rich O my heart! give up greed!

According to Firdosi:—

Being without possessions and free from fear and sorrow
Is many times better than living in fear though possessing treasures and a crown!

Nizami says:—

Patience is the key to the locks of bondage:
No one has ever seen a patient man humiliated!

In the Seraj-al-Salikeen it is said:—

If thy aim is to enjoy peace of mind, cultivate contentment,
For the works of the greedy never end happily!
The man of jealousy never obtains even a moment's respite in the world;
He suffers the pangs of envy all the time he lives!
He has not to face the suffering of this hard path
Who, happily, is not mated with jealousy!
Everyone who loves the path practises patience;
Haste is the characteristic of fiends!
Abstinence is very difficult to observe:
It is really the work of those who possess patience!
Do not be proud of thy power to turn baser metals into gold
O man of greed!
It is much better to make thy heart tender with the alchemy of love!

There is no occupation better than reliance on Providence;
And no better Beloved than resignation!
Nothing is becoming but resignation to destiny;
It is not becoming to show lack of patience in trouble!
The ascetic followers of the Rumi are the saints O my son!
Who wrangle not over scriptural text, nor possess any other kind of skill;
But who have burnished their hearts
And removed the rust of desire, meanness and revenge!
That mirror-like brightness is a quality of the heart:
It is capable of infinite imagery!
The intellect is nonplussed or perplexed by this;
For either the heart is He or He Himself is the heart!

Sa'di says:—

Thou mayest not be able to bear this fire,
Quench it to-day with the water of patience!
No one should give his heart to anything;
For it is difficult to take it away again!

Bekhud points out:—

The dust of the ground is the bedding of those who sit on dust (humble saints):
Stones and bricks form the pillow of the wanderer in love!

Dard maintains:—

Desire makes men behave with foxy cunning,
For otherwise every beggar who squatted on his mat was a lion!
I have gained all that I ever desired;
But this desire, that I should have no desire!
What is rejuvenating mercury? What the Water of Life?
If thou canst kill thy heart O Dard! that is the real Panacea!

It is said in the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

The beggar's hand is the worst of a hundred sins:
The hand that is not afflicted with begging is Providence's!
The longing to tear off my robe is stirring in my heart;
I long to flee into the wilderness, casting aside my headgear!
I have broken the hands of greed; I can now stretch my legs:
Becoming dead I have obtained life!
I have smelt the perfume of that Robe in a breast-to-breast embrace:
How can I care now for the smell of narcissus and jessamine?

Ghalib says:—

For not more than a moment can the Free Ones experience grief:
I light the candle of the house of mourning with lightning!

I worry myself over the well-being of the world:
What have I to do with this pesty thing?
There is no loss in the ecstasy of madness even though the home is brought to ruin:
The acquisition of the whole wilderness in exchange for a hundred yards of land is not a dear bargain!
How could I have slept so soundly had I not been robbed during the day?
I thank the robber because I have no more fear of being robbed again!
I am no longer troubled by the wish to be near the rose:
This joyful ease I have obtained by being denuded of feathers and down!
Its doors and walls are covered with creepers O Ghalib!
I am in the wilderness and spring has come to my house!
My eagerness is keen to taste the delights of abstinence:
Desire for me means the destruction of desire!
The distiller's tools have been sold to pay the winemerchant's bill:
I had only these two accounts which have been settled in this way!
Weeping has made me more daring in love:
I have been washed so much that I have been purified!
What askest thou about the being or not being of men of eagerness?

They have become the feeding straw to their own fire!
When expectation itself is gone O Ghalib!
Why should one complain of anything?
That man who is sitting in the shadow of the Beloved's wall
Is the Emperor of India's Empire!

The Rehbar-i-Haq states:—

He should ask for nothing from anyone; he should burn up all cravings!
He will be a devotee if he drives away desire!

Bu Ali Shah Qalandar exhorts:—

Sit quiet in the niche of contentment;
Do not set thy foot outside the corner of retirement!
When there are a hundred desires in thy heart O dull-witted one!
How can the Light of God penetrate into it?

Shamsh of Tabrez says:—

The Law for the body is obedience;
The path for the heart is contentment!
Annihilation is the name of renunciation of desire:
Eternal Life is the completeness of God's attributes!
Can there be a union of two incompatibles in nature?
If love of the world is present in the heart there can be no faith in it!
You may have the love of God or of life and riches:

It is impossible for the two of them to be together!
You want both God and the base world:
Are you melancholic or mad?
People the city of the heart with the excellencies of righteousness!
Make glad the side of thy life and the heart!

Mir Dard states:—

I am that fallen one that except annihilation
No one can lift me up as no one can lift a footprint!
Do not be satisfied with the thought of God O deluded man!
Forget thy own being if thou canst!

Truthfulness

Manhood's wealth is truthfulness!
One should weep if steeped in darkness and chattering!—Firdosi.
He whose tongue is familiar with falsehood
Will remain humiliated throughout life!—Bekhud.
If thou speakest truth and remainest in chains—
This is better than that lying should get thee freed from captivity!—Sa'di.

Laughter

It is said in the Tohfat-al-Ashkin:—

Laugh little, weep much, my son!
So that God's favour may have happy effect on thee!

The heart is deadened by laughter, O man of discrimination!
Such is the saying of the Prophet!
Note with what tenderness and vigour that excellent Maulvi

Has said in his Masnavi:—

Can the garden smile if the clouds weep not?
Can milk in the mother's breast flow if the child cries not?
Weep that thou mayest be happy!
Cry that thou mayest laugh independently of the mouth!

Hafiz records:—

What helped me out of this black darkness
Was the midnight prayer and morning lamentation!

Dard relates:—

In this house of mourning, the world,
I have wept like a wet cloud for my sorry state!

Nyaz urges:—

So long as the morning of union does not dawn O Nyaz!
Weep every night with feeling and consuming tenderness, like a burning candle!

Shah Niaz Ahmed warns the powers that be:—

How dreadful is the flood of tears these days:
Day and night falls the downpour of tears from the eyes!
O God! take care of the barge of thy heavens!

A frightful storm of weeping is gathering in mine eyes!
If the mangled heart had not flowed out of the eyes,
The colour of tears could not have been the envy of the blood!
What you have called a reddish tear O Nyaz
Is the flow of the life's blood from the channels of the eyes!
There is a little easing of the heart's agitations from weeping:
Culpable will be these eyes if they shed tears over it!

Al Ghazzali states:—

"Much joking is an idle waste of time; and there is much laughter. The heart becomes darkened from laughter."

Food and Bread

Sa'di enjoins:—

Keep thy within empty of food;
So that thou mayest see it filled with the light of the Divine Knowledge!

The Seraj-al-Salikin states:—

Thou art devoid of Philosophy,
Because thou art crammed with food up to thy neck!
If there be no appetite left for bread and water:

The Pure One will give thee strength without them!
If thy strength is lost through fasting Providence will grant thee
In thy leanness an inner strength!
As he gives the *peri* her nourishment from smell,
And every angel strength for life!
Go, ask for the life of love, not for bread!
From him thou shouldst ask only for that nourishment, and not for bread!
Do not regard bodily strength as being due to food:
It is the grace of thy God that nourishes thee!
Show thy trust; do not exercise thy hands and feet!
Thy nourishment is fonder of thee than thou of it!
My precious life is ever wasted in worrying over
What I shall eat during the day, what I shall wear at night!
Since no one knows the future except the Omniscient One;
Thou shouldst not kill thy life with worry over to-morrow's concerns!

Akbar says:—

Sorrow is my food,
Concealing faults of others is my attire!

Ghalib says:—

I do not know how it will end when the poison of suffering penetrates into the muscles and nerves,
Already the palate and the tongue have been turned bitter by it!

It is said in the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

It will be better if I have no occupation at all
Than to eat bread from the hands of misers!
He who eats grass and hops becomes *qurban* (is slaughtered);
He who feeds himself on the light of Truth becomes (Al) Qur'an!
The hot tear is the lustre (literally, the water) of my face!
The icy sob is a pleasant breeze to me!
Sorrow has become agreeable to my heart:
I can even swear that I sleep not!
I devour sorrow and yet I never reach satiety,
How delightful is suffering that my longing for it knows no abatement!

Shah Bu Ali Qalandar says:—

Even if thou diest from hunger
Do not hover over another's table like a fly!
Abstain from love of the world, keep away!
Eat not the blood of thy heart for bread and gold!

Shams of Tabrez urges:—

By eating less, sleeping less and talking less
Cultivate the habit of being less worldly!

Mua'ien-ul-din Chishti says:—

Get over the longing for food, and understand who it is who feeds all,
Then see how wished-for nourishment comes to thee!

He who has in the structure of his being no other
support than God,
Is nourished as Mansur was when impaled on the
spike!

Nudity

It is said in the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat:—

He who granted you the crown of an emperor
Gave me all the equipment of possessionlessness!
He covered with clothes all whom he found with
faults;
He gave the garment of nudity to the faultless
ones!

Sa'di says:—

The unclothed man, by common consent,
Is better than a clothed dummy of flesh and blood,
with no man inside!

According to Bekhud:—

The dress of kings is of every variety;
There is no finer garb than nudity!

Ghalib points out:—

Love's eagerness is in every way impatient of
possessions,
You will find Qais unclothed under the paint of
his picture!
What else if not nudity can support (a lover's)
wildness?
Tearing of robes has now acquired a legal claim
on my neck!

Silence

Maulana Rumi says as to silence :—

Silence is an ocean and speech a stream :
Sayeth the ocean to thee : seek not the stream!

Hafiz states :—

Though I am in ferment, like a vat of wine from the fire of love,
I drink my heart's blood with sealed lips and hold my tongue!
Be quiet for it is time thou observedst silence!
Draw in thy breath and fill the goblet of wine!

Firdosi holds that :—

For speech there is no better subject than Divine Unity ;
Whether one speaks or not God is one !

Sa'di urges :—

So long as thou dost not know well that speech will be of real merit,
Thou shouldst not open thy mouth to say even this much !

It is said in the Bostan-i-Ma'rfat :—

The tongue is زبان (zaban=tongue) as long as it remains in its place:
If a dot is added it will become زيان (zyan=loss)!
No other theme is more agreeable to me than that of the shutting up of the mouth!
There is meaning in silence which cannot be expressed in speech !

> Silence transforms the breast into a casket of gems:
> I have learnt this secret from the pearl-oyster!

Bekhud says:—

> When thou takest a sip from the cup of wisdom thou shouldst seal thy lips!
> How can water become a precious pearl except the oyster shut its mouth?

Mir Dard urges:—

> Be silent! cease from chatter!
> Attend to the purification of thy soul!
> In amazement realize thy heart's desire!
> Bring the mirror of the Heart face to face (with that of Truth)!
> Every eye is entitled to behold (it)!

Zafar puts it thus:—

> I have seen a strange thing by observing silence:
> My complexion had become discoloured and I knew it not!

In the Rehbar-i-Haq it is said:—

> Thou shouldst remain silent in His company, as an Idol in a fane!
> It is a difficult place; the observer is, statue-like, struck with wonder

It is said in the Keemiya-i-Sa'dat:—

"Thou shouldst not indulge in nauseating talk ... O beloved know that if thou employest two words to communicate that which can be

communicated with one thereby lengthening the talk, the second word is unnecessary and troublesome for thee."

In the Seraj-ul-Salikin we are told:—

The group of practical hermits—
With steps of flesh and breath of fire,
Who may uproot a mountain with a shout and
Destroy a country with a sigh—
Are swift and invisible, like the wind!
Engaged with their beads, they radiate a silent perfume, like musk!

Sa'di says:—

Speech is a wonderful thing in the life of man:
Thou shouldst not make thyself unworthy with prattle!

Meditation and Contemplation

Day and night thou wouldst think of God with all thy heart
If thou knowest of His Justice and Benevolence!
Enliven thy mornings and evenings with meditation:
Waste not thy time in delusion!
Meditation on God is medicine for the soul;
It is also the salve for the lacerated heart!
The generality of men only think of God with their tongues;
The meditation of the select few comes always from the heart!

Without veneration meditation is ever a useless task!
Inasmuch as worship is a necessary element of it!
There are separate meditations for certain of the bodily limbs:
Seven of them can be employed in meditation!
Meditation of the eyes O Blessed one!
Is weeping often from fear of God!
Meditation of the hand is helping the helpless!
Visiting saints is meditation for the feet!
The ear's meditation is the hearing of God's teaching:
Engage thou in meditation if thou hast understanding and the ear!
Meditation of the heart is fear of God:
Exert thyself to acquire it!
Reading the Scripture is meditation for the tongue;
He who is devoid of it is afflicted!
Move not thy lips except to talk of God!
What concern have saints with anything else?

Dard says:—

Mine eyes refuse to be opened now:
Whose image is this that has entered my heart?
O Dard! polish the mirror of thy heart a little!
Then thou shalt see the Beauty and Grace of God on all sides!

Quatrain

Have you the desire to know God in your heart? Then act properly!
It is a small thing that I say, but worthy of acceptance: do this one thing!

If there is anyone else in your midst, it is your duty to know who he is!
But if you are you yourself, then what is the good of knowing it: take rest!

It is said in the Rehbar-i-Haq:—

The doors and walls (that surround me) have become like a mirror, from the intensity of my concentration:
Wherever I turn I see thy face!
I see the being of the Absolute Essence at all times:
In every direction, on every path, in every theatre I see it manifest!

In the Tohfat-al-Ashkeen it is said:—

Let the Light of Divine Unity produce such a condition in thy heart
That thou canst see nothing but God!

Shamsh of Tabrez urges:—

Wherever thou be, talk of God!
In every place give thanks to God!
Be a stranger to thyself, and familiar with God!
Wherever thou mayest be stay with God!
Thou shouldst not give thy heart to wife or son!
Thou shouldst always be alone with God!
The heart will acquire so much purity
That it will solve every problem in a moment!

It is said in the Masnavi-i-Raja:—

Understand this point; do not distress thyself needlessly:
Destroy this stranger! thou mayest do anything else!

Shamsh again tells us:—

That condition is one of LIGHT all over;
It is far removed from air, water and earth!

It is said in the Masnavi Behlol:—

Do not see duality; behold the Individuality of Truth,
That thou mayest realise the oneness of the universe!
Do not see duality; pass by all good and evil!
That thou mayest see all as the same from the beginning to the end of time!
Do not see duality; pass beyond name and fame!
That thou mayest reach the path of Individuality!
And now good bye!
O my heart! thou shouldst wake up at last!
Seek union with the Beloved once!
O my heart! pass thou now for once beyond thy life!
That thou mayest enter into the abode of infinite Life!
O my heart! do thou pass beyond the two worlds for once!
That thou mayest reach the world of absolute manifest Reality!
O my heart! pass thou beyond argument and debate now for once!
How long wilt thou pursue affirmation and negation (in a debate)?
O my heart! pass thou now beyond right and wrong!

How long wilt thou be interested in reason and intellect?
O my heart! pass thou beyond ideas and words for once!
Lift up thy head; take a plunge into non-being!
O my heart! pass thou for once from the imagery of the form!
How long wilt thou remain a sculptor of images, and unenlightened?
O my heart! thou shouldst leave now the pathway where footprints are impressed!
Become traceless like the Men of God!
O my heart! thou shouldst leave now all pleasures of the senses!
That thou mayest obtain the infinite Knowledge of God!
O my heart! thou shouldst leave off talking now
That thou mayest attain to the World of Mysteries!
O my heart! thou shouldst now wake up!
And become engaged in seeking the way to the Friend!
O my heart! sacrifice thyself now at last!
That thou mayest attain to eternal Life through death!
O my heart! thou shouldst now leave all that is not God!
That thou mayest not see anyone else!
Put an end to the other than God in the two worlds:
Do this on the path of Divine Individuality!
When thou destroyest the Idol, the covering will be removed:

Love will become the path of religion, and infidelity will fly away then!
When thou hast destroyed the Idol, thou shalt pass out of the world!
Thou shalt appear then in the world that is abiding!
When thou hast destroyed the Idol thou shalt escape from this world of matter;
Thou shalt then enter into the Garden of loveliness in the Infinitude of Life!
Understand the Ca'ba to be the heart of man, O man of patience!
That thou mayest realize the significance of words!
These thoughts of the body are to be known as the Idol.
Break this Idol in the Infinitude of Life!
If thy day and night are passed in equanimity,
That which is a difficult undertaking will become easy for thee!

The quintessence of all this is that the gnostic dervish wipes out his apparent ego, that is bodily existence, completely. He wants solitude; and detachment from one's own being is most essential. It is said in the Rehbar-i-Haq:—

"Retiring into the cloister is this, that one should retire away from oneself, and not that one should imprison oneself within four walls."

Tassawwuf has been defined in the following words in the same book:—

"Tassawwuf signifies a cleansing off. Know what this cleansing off is: it is that neither one's

ownself be left, nor God; neither union nor separation!"

The hardships implied in asceticism appear to be very disagreeable; but the gain at the end is tremendous, giving life eternal. Hafiz says:—

> The night of heartache O Hafiz is ended; the fragrant morning breeze is blowing:
> Congratulations on thy marriage, O impetuous Lover!
> Open thine eyes for the Glory of God has manifested itself:
> Attention has become single-eyed and the door is closed on talk and debate!

Mir Dard has said:—

> I have received from thee nothing but affliction
> But what a wonderful thing it is. It has delighted my heart!
> It is pain, and pain and pain:
> But all else is valueless before its thrilling delight!

END

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